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THE WIZARD'S SON.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE party at Birkenbraes was always large. There were, in the first place, many people staying in the house, for Mr. Williamson was hospitable in the largest sense of the word, and opened his liberal doors to everybody that pleased him, and was ready to provide everything that might be wanted for the pleasure of his guests—carriages, horses, boats, even special trains on the railway, not to speak of the steam-yacht that lay opposite the house, and made constant trips up and down the loch. His liberality had sometimes an air of ostentation, or rather of that pleasure which very rich persons often take in the careless exhibition of a lavish expenditure, which dazzles and astonishes those to whom close reckonings are necessary. He had a laugh, which, though perfectly good-natured, seemed to have a certain derision in it of the precautions which others took, as he gave his orders. "Lord, man, take a special!—what need to hurry? I will send and order it to be in waiting. I have my private carriage, ye see, on the railway—always at the use of my friends." And then he would laugh, as much as to say, What a simple thing this is—the easiest in the world! If ye were not all a poor, little, cautious set of people, you would do the same. Not afford it? Pooh! a bagatelle like that! All this

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was in the laugh, which was even more eloquent than *la langue Turque*. There were sure to be some sensitive people who did not like it; but they were very hard to please. And the rich man was in fact so truly kind and willing to make everybody comfortable, that the most sensible even of the sensitive people forgave him. And as the majority in society is not sensitive when its own advantage and pleasure is concerned, his house was always full of visitors, among whom he moved briskly, always pleased, always endeavouring to elicit the expression of a wish which he could satisfy. Katie took less trouble. She was less conscious of being rich. She was willing to share all her own advantages, but it did not appear to her, as to her father, half so ridiculous that other people should not be rich. The house was always full of visitors staying there, and there was not a day that there were not neighbours dropping in to lunch or invited to dinner, keeping up a commotion which delighted Mr. Williamson and amused Katie, who was to the manner born, and understood life only in this way. It happened thus that it was into a large party that Walter, coming with a sense that he was under the dominion of fate, and was about to settle the whole tenor of his life, plunged unaware. He heard the sound of many voices before he had got near

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the great drawing-room, the door of which stood open, giving vent to the murmur of talk from about twenty people within. He had scarcely ever gone up so magnificent a staircase, broad, and light, and bright as became a new palace, with footmen moving noiselessly upon the thick pile of the carpets.

"There is a party, I suppose?" he said, hesitating.

"No more than usual, my lord," said the elegant functionary in black, who was about to announce him, with a bland and soft smile of superiority and a little pity like his master's for the man who knew no better, "Two or three gentlemen have dropped in to lunch."

The drawing-room was a large room, with a huge round bow-window giving upon the loch. It was furnished and decorated in the most approved manner, with quantities of pretty things of every costly description: for Katie, like her father, betrayed the constitution and temperament of wealth, by loving cost almost more than beauty. She was, however, too well instructed to be led into the mistake of making that luxurious modern room into the semblance of anything ancient or faded, while Mr. Williamson was too fond of everything bright and fresh to be persuaded even by fashion into such an anachronism. There was a faint suspicion in the mirrors and gilding and all the conveniences and luxuries, of the style of grandeur peculiar to the saloon of a splendid steamer, to which the steam-yacht, which was the chief object in the immediate prospect as seen from the plate-glass window, gave additional likelihood. Walter for his part was strangely startled, when, out of the seriousness of his own lonely thoughts, and the sense of having arrived at a great crisis, he suddenly stepped into the flutter and talk of this large assembly, in which some half-dozen neighbours on the loch, most of them young men in more or less attendance upon Katie, mingled with strangers of all

classes whom Mr. Williamson had picked up here and there. There was a little pause in the hum of voices at his own name, and a slight stir of interest, various of the guests turning round to look as he came in. The master of the house advanced with a large hand held out, and an effusive welcome; but the little lady of Birkenbraes paid Walter the much greater compliment of pursuing her conversation undisturbed, without betraying by a movement that she knew he was there. Katie was not rude. It was not her habit to pay so little attention to a newcomer: she was profoundly conscious of his entrance, and of every step he made among the groups distributed about; but as the matter was a little serious, and his appearance of some importance, she showed a slight stir of mind and thoughts, which could scarcely be called agitation, in this way. It was only when her father called loudly, "Katie, Katie, do you not see Lord Erradeen?" that she turned, not moving from her place, and suddenly held out her hand with a smile.

"How do you do? I heard you had come," said Katie; and then returned to her talk. "As for the influence of scenery upon the mind of the common people, I think it has more influence in the Highlands than anywhere, but very little when all is said. You don't think much of what you see every day, unless, indeed, you think everything of it. You must be totally indifferent, or an enthusiast," said the philosophical young lady.

Walter meanwhile stood before her, almost awkwardly, feeling the rigidity upon his countenance of a somewhat unmeaning smile.

"And to which class does Miss Williamson belong?" said her companion, who was a virtuous young member of parliament, anxious to study national peculiarities wherever he might happen to be.

"To neither," said Katie, with a slight coldness, just enough to mark that she did not consider herself as

one of the "common people." And she turned to Walter with equally marked meaning, "Have you seen the Forresters since you came, Lord Erradeen?"

"I have seen no one," said Walter, somewhat astonished, and wondering whether any one could have seen and already betrayed his pause and instinctive exclamation when he came in sight of the isle. "I came only last night, and am here to-day by your father's invitation——"

"I know," said Katie, with greater cordiality. "You speak as if I wanted you to account for yourself. Oh, no! only one must begin the conversation somehow—unless I plunged you at once into my discussion with Mr. Braithwaite (Mr. Braithwaite, Lord Erradeen) about the characteristics of the inhabitants of a mountain country. Do you feel up to it?" she added, with a laugh.

"But you avoid the question," said the member of parliament. "You say, 'neither.' Now, if it is interesting to know what effect these natural phenomena have upon the common mind, it is still more interesting when it is a highly cultivated intelligence which is in question."

"Help me out!" cried Katie, with a glance at Walter. "I have never been educated—no woman is, you know. How are we to know what the highly cultured feel? Papa is not cultured at all—he does not pretend to it, which is why people approve of him; and as for me!" she spread out her hands like a sort of exclamation. "And Lord Erradeen cannot give you any information either," she added, demurely, "for he has not known the loch very long—and I think he does not like it. No, but you shall see one who can really be of some use this afternoon. Don't you think she is the very person, Lord Erradeen? Oona—for she has lived on the loch, or rather in the loch, all her life."

"And when shall I see this—nymph is she, or water-goddess?" said the genial member. "That will indeed

be to gather knowledge at the fountain head."

"Do you think we may say she is a nymph, Lord Erradeen? Oh yes—what do you call those classical ladies that take care of the water—Naiads! Oona is something of that sort. But better than the classics, for she has water above and water below for a great part of the year. You don't know how many superstitions we have remaining in this wild part of the country. We have ghosts, and wandering Jews, and mysterious lights: Lord Erradeen will tell you——"

Katie paused with the malice bright in her eyes. She did not mean to affront the recovered attendant who might turn out a suitor, and upon whom it was possible she might be induced to smile; so she paused with a little laugh, and allowed Braithwaite to break in.

"Do you call this a wild part of the country, Miss Williamson? Then what must the cultivated portions look like! I see nothing but beautiful villas and palaces, and all the luxuries of art."

"The comforts of the Saut Market," said Katie with a shrug of her shoulders. "It is more easy to carry them about with you than in Bailie Nicol Jarvie's time. But there is luncheon! Papa is always formal about our going in, though I tell him that is out of date nowadays. So you must wait, if you please, Lord Erradeen, and take me." There was then a pause, until, as they brought up the rear of the procession down stairs, Katie said, with the slightest pressure on his arm to call his attention, "That is a Member of Parliament in search of information and statistics. If you hear me talk more nonsense than usual you will know why."

"Do you expect Miss Forrester this afternoon?" asked Walter quite irrelevant.

Katie's heart gave a little jump. She did not like to be beat. It was the healthful instinct of emulation, not any tremor of the affections. She gave him a keen glance half of anger,

half of enjoyment, for she loved a fray.

"Better than that," she cried gaily, "we are going down the loch to see her. Don't you remember Mrs. Forrester's scones, Lord Erradeen? You are ungrateful, for I know you have eaten them. But you shall come, too."

If this had been said on the stairs, Walter, probably, would have given a dignified answer to the effect that his engagements would scarcely permit—but they were by this time in the dining-room in the little flutter of taking places which always attends the sitting down of a party, an operation which Katie, with little rapid indications of her pleasure, simplified at once; and Walter found himself seated by her side and engaged in conversation by the enterprising Braithwaite at his other hand before he could utter any remonstrance. Mr. Braithwaite set it down in his journal that Lord Erradeen was a dull young fellow, petted by the women because he was a lord, no other reason being apparent—and wondered a little at the bad taste of Miss Williamson who ought to have known better. As for Katie, she exerted herself to smooth down Walter's slightly ruffled plumes. There was no use, she thought, in handing him over at once to Oona by thus wounding his *amour propre*. She inquired into his travels. She asked where he had disappeared when they all left town.

"I expected we should find you at Auchnasheen for the 12th," she said. "You are the only man I know who is philosopher enough not to care for the grouse. One is driven to believe about that time of the year that men can think of nothing else."

"Perhaps, Katie," said young Tom of Ellermore, "if you were to speak to Lord Erradeen, whom we don't know as yet, as we have never had the chance of calling" (here the young men exchanged bows, accompanied by a murmur from Katie, "Mr. Tom Campbell, Ellermore," while the colour

rose in young Tom's cheek), "perhaps he would be charitable to us others that are not philosophers."

"Have ye not enough grouse of your own, Tom Campbell?" cried Mr. Williamson, who, in a pause of the conversation, had heard this address. "Man! if I were you I would think shame to look a bird in the face."

"And why?" cried the young fellow; "that was what they were made for. Do you think otherwise that they would be allowed to breed like *that*, and eat up everything that grows?"

"Heather," said the head of the house, "and bracken. Profitable crops, my word!"

Here Walter interrupted the discussion by a polite speech to young Tom whose eyes blazed with pleasure and excitement at the offer made him.

"But I hope," he said, "you will join us yourself. It will be like stealing a pleasure to have such an enjoyment, and the master of it not there."

"I have other work in hand," Walter said; at which young Tom stared and coloured still more, and a slight movement showed itself along the table, which Mr. Braithwaite, the knowledge-seeker, being newly arrived, did not understand. Tom cried hastily, "I beg your pardon," and many eyes were turned with sudden interest upon Lord Erradeen. But this was what Walter had anticipated as little as the parliamentary inquirer. He grew so red that Tom Campbell's healthy blush was thrown into the shade. "I ought rather to say," he added hastily, "that my time here is too short for amusement."

There was an uneasy little pause, and then everybody burst into talk. Both the silence and the conversation were significant. Lord Erradeen turned to Katie with an instinctive desire for sympathy, but Katie was occupied, or pretended to be so, with her luncheon. It was not here that sympathy on that point was to be found.

"I wonder," said Katie, somewhat coldly, "that you do not remain longer

when you are here. Auchnasheen is very nice, and you ought to know your neighbours, don't you think, Lord Erradeen? If it is merely business, or duty, that brings you——"

"I wish I knew which it was," he said in a low tone.

Katie turned and looked at him with those eyes of common-sense in which there is always a certain cynicism.

"I did not think in this century," she said, "that it was possible for any man not to know why he was doing a thing; but you perhaps like to think that an old family has rules of its own, and ought to keep up the past."

"I should think," said Mr. Braithwaite, not discouraged by the lower tone of this conversation, "that the past must have a very strong hold upon any one who can suppose himself a Highland chieftain."

"A Highland chief!" cried Katie, opening her brown eyes wide: and then she laughed, which was a thing strangely offensive to Walter, though he could scarcely have told why.

"I fear," he said coldly, "that though I am to some extent a Highland laird, I have no pretension to be a chief. There is no clan Methven that I ever heard of: though indeed I am myself almost a stranger and of no authority."

"Mrs. Forrester will tell you, Mr. Braithwaite," said Katie. "She is a sort of queen of the loch. She is one of the old Macnabs who once were sovereign here. These people," she said, waving her hand towards the various scions of the great clan Campbell, "are mushrooms in comparison: which is a comfort to our feelings, seeing that we sink into insignificance as creatures of to-day before them. The very original people are highly consolatory to the upstarts, for we are just much the same as the middling-old people to them. They are worlds above us all."

Here Tom of Ellermore leant over his immediate neighbours and reminded Katie that the days were short in October, and that it was a

stiff row to the isle: and the conversation terminated in the hurried retirement of the ladies, and selection of rugs and wrappers to make them comfortable. Mr. Williamson had, as he said, "more sense," than to set out upon any such ridiculous expedition. He stood and watched the preparations with his thumbs stuck into the armholes of his waistcoat.

"Ye had much better take the yacht," he said. "She could get up steam in half an hour, and take you there in ten minutes, and there is plenty of room for ye all, and the cabin in case of rain. But as ye like! A wilful man will have his way. If ye would rather work yourselves than have the work done for ye—and a shower in prospect! But it's your own affair."

The party, however, preferred the boats, and Katie put her father's remonstrance aside with a wave of her hand.

"It is all these boys are ever good for," she said, "and why would you stop them? Besides it is far nicer than your mechanical steam, and tea on board, and all the rest of it. Lord Erradeen, you are to steer. If you don't know the currents I can tell you. Here is your place beside me: and you can tell me what you have been doing all this time, for there were so many interruptions at lunch I got no good of you," the young lady said.

Thus Walter was swept along in Katie's train. As he was quite unaware of any understanding between the girls he was of course ignorant that any special significance could attach to his arrival in this manner at the isle. And for his own part he was pleased by the thought of seeing Oona for the first time in an accidental way, without any responsibility, so to speak, of his own. It was a little chilly for a water-party, but on the lochs people are prepared for that and it interferes with no one's pleasure. The afternoon was full of sunshine, and every bit of broken bank, and every island and feathery crest of fir-trees was reflected and beautified in the still

water, that broke with a ripple the fantastic doubling of every substance, but lent a glory to the colour and brilliancy to every outline. The gay party swept along over reflected woods, themselves all brilliant in reflection, and making the loch as gay as a Venetian canal. On the little landing-place at the isle the whole small population was collected to meet them. Mrs. Forrester in her white cap, shivering slightly, and glad to draw round her the fur cloak which Mysie was putting on her shoulders from behind, "for the sun has not the strength it once had," she explained, "now that we are just getting round the corner of the year:" Hamish, always in his red shirt, kneeling on the little wooden landing which he had wheeled out to receive the party, in order to catch the prow of the first boat; and Oona, a little apart, standing looking out, with a faint thrill of excitement about her, consequent on having just heard the news of Walter's arrival, but no expectation to make this excitement tangible. They made a pretty show upon the little beach, reflected, too, in the clear depths below—the bit of ribbon on the mother's cap, the knot of pale roses on Oona's breast, culminating in Mysie's stronger tints on one side, and the red of Hamish's garment on the other.

"What a pretty picture it would make," Katie said. "'Hospitality,' you ought to call it, or 'Welcome to the isle.' But there ought to be a gentleman to make it perfect; either an old gentleman to represent Oona's father, or a young one for her husband. Don't you think so, Lord Erradeen?"

It was perhaps at this moment when he was listening with a somewhat distracted look, smiling against the grain, and standing up in the boat to steer, that Oona saw him first. It cannot be denied that the shock was great. In her surprise she had almost made a false step on the slippery shingle, and Mrs. Forrester grasped her dress with an "Oona! you'll be in the water if you don't take more care." Oona recovered her-

self with a blush, which she would have given anything in the world to banish from her countenance. It was so then! This man, who had, all un-awares, produced so much effect upon her life and thoughts, was coming back within her little circle of existence in Katie Williamson's train! She smiled to herself a moment after, holding her head high, and with a sense of ridicule pervading the being which had been momentarily transfixed by that keen arrow of surprise and pain. She said to herself that the humour of it was more than any one could have believed, but that all was well. Oh, more than well!—for was not this the thing of all others that was good for her, that would put the matter on the easiest footing? All this flew through her mind like lightning while the boat came close, amid the friendly shouts and greetings of the crew, all of them "neighbours' sons." Mr. Braithwaite, the English observer, sat by admiring while these brotherly salutations were gone through. Perhaps he did not note in his diary that the young aborigines called each other by their Christian names, but he did make a remark to that effect in his mind. And then there ensued the little tumult of disembarking, in the midst of which Oona, holding out her hand, frankly greeted Lord Erradeen. "We heard you had come back," she said, giving him a look of full and confident composure which puzzled Walter. She meant him, and not him only, to perceive the frankness of a reception in which there was not a shade of embarrassment, no recollection of the strangeness they had spent together, or of the encounter that had taken place upon the isle. When one pair of eyes look into another with that momentary demonstration it is a proof of some meaning more than meets the eye. And Walter, whose own eyes were full too of a something, subdued and concealed so far as possible—a deprecating wistful look in which there was pardon sought (though he had consciously done her no wrong; but in

doing wrong at all had he not offended Oona as Dante offended Beatrice, although she might never know of what sins he had been guilty!) and homage offered—was still more perplexed by that open gaze in which there was nothing of the softness of the look with which Oona had watched him going away, and which had so often recurred to his mind since. What did it mean? It gave him welcome, but a welcome that felt like the closing of a door. He was far too much occupied with investigating this problem to remark the corresponding look, the slight, almost imperceptible smile that passed between Oona and Katie as they met. In the midst of all the cheerful din, the merry voices on the air, the boats run up upon the beach, the cheerful movement towards the house, such fine shades of feeling and dramatic purpose can make themselves apparent to those who are in the secret, but to no other. A merrier party never ascended the slope, and that is saying much. Mrs. Forrester led the way in the highest satisfaction.

"Mysie, ye will stand on no ceremony about following," she said, "but run on before and see that the tea is masked: but not too much, to get that boiled taste. It is perhaps extravagant, but I like to have just what you may call the first flavour of the tea. And let the scones be just ready to bring ben, for Miss Williamson must not be kept too late on the water at this time of the year. To tell the truth," she said, turning with her smiles to the member of parliament, a functionary for whom she had a great respect, counting him more important than a young lord, who after all was in the position of a "neighbour's son"; "to tell the truth I have just to be inhospitable at this season and push them away with my own hands: for it is always fresh upon the loch, and a score of young creatures with colds, all because I let them stay half an hour too late would be a dreadful reflection. This will be your first visit to the loch! Oh, I am sure we are delighted to see you, both

Oona and me. We are always pleased to meet with strangers that have an appreciation. Some people would think it was a very lonely life upon the isle; but I assure you if I could give you a list of all the people that come here! It would be rather a good thing to keep a list, now that I think of it, you would see some names that would be a pleasure to any one to see. Yes, I think I must just set up a visiting-book, as if we were living in some grand place in London, say Grosvenor Square. What are you saying, Katie, my dear? Oh yes, I have shaken hands with Lord Erradeen. I am very glad to see him back, and I hope he will stay longer and let us see more of him than last year. This is one of our finest views. I always stop here to point it out to strangers," she added, pausing, for indeed it was her favourite spot to take breath.

And then the group gathered at the turning, and looked out upon Kinloch Houran, lying in shadow, in the dimness of one of those quick-flying clouds which give so much charm to a Highland landscape. The old grey ruin lying upon the dulled surface, steel blue and cold, of the water, which round the isle was dancing in sunshine, gave a curious effectiveness to the landscape.

"It is the ghost-castle." "It is the haunted house," said one of the visitors, in a whisper, who would have spoken loud enough but for the presence of Walter, who stood and looked, with great gravity, upon his place of trial. When Katie's voice became audible at his side, advising him in very distinct tones to restore the old place, Walter felt himself shrink and grow red, as if some villany had been suggested to him. He made no reply. He had thought himself of something of the same description in his first acquaintance with Kinloch Houran; but how different his feelings were now!"

The reader already knows what were Mrs. Forrester's teas. The party filled the pleasant drawing-room in which

a fire was burning brightly, notwithstanding the sunshine without, and the scones arrived in bountiful quantity, one supply after another; Mysie's countenance beaming as "a few more" were demanded; while her mistress did nothing but fill out cups of tea and press her young guests to eat.

"Another cup will not hurt you," she said. "That is just nonsense about nerves. If it was green tea, indeed, and you were indulging in it at night to keep you off your sleep—but in a fine afternoon like this, and after your row. Now just try one of these scones; you have not tasted this kind. It is hot from the girdle. and we all think my cook has a gift. Mysie, tell Margaret that we will have a few more. And Oona, it is the cream scones that Katie likes: but you must tell Lord Erradeen to try this kind, just to please me."

Thus the kind lady ran on. It gave her the profoundest pleasure to see her house filled, and to serve her young guests with these simple delicacies. "Dear me, it is just nothing. I wish it was better worth taking," she answered to Mr. Braithwaite's compliments, who made the usual pretty speeches of the English tourist as to Scotch hospitality. Mrs. Forrester felt as if these compliments were a half-reproach to her for so simple an entertainment. "You see," she said, "it is all we can do; for, besides that there is no gentleman in the house, which is against dinner-giving, we are not well situated in the isle for evening visits. The nights are cold at this time of the year, and it is not always easy to strike our bit little landing in the dark; so we have to content ourselves with a poor offering to our friends. And I am sure you are very kind to take it so politely. If my boys were at home, I would have it more in my power to show attention; but if you are going further north, I hope you will make your way to Eaglescairn and see my son, who will be delighted to show you the country about him," Mrs. Forrester said. The English M.P. could

not but think that it was his reputation which had travelled before him, and gained him so delightful a reception.

As for the rest of the party, they were fully entertained by Oona, who was more than usually lively and bright. She said very little to Lord Erradeen, who was by far the most silent of the assembly, but exerted herself for her other guests, with a little flush upon her which was very becoming, and an excitement completely concealed and kept under, which yet acted upon her like a sort of ethereal stimulant quickening all her powers. They were so gay that Mrs. Forrester's anxiety about their return, which indeed she forgot as soon as they were under her roof, was baffled, and it was not till the glow of the sunset was beginning to die out in the west that the visitors began to move. Then there was a hurrying and trooping out, one group following another, to get to the boats. The landscape had changed since they came, and now the upper end of the loch was all cold and chill in the greyness of early twilight, though the sky behind in the southward was still glowing with colour. Benlui lay in a soft mist, having put off his purple and gold, and drawn about him the ethereal violet tones of his evening mantle; but on the slopes beneath, as they fell towards the margin of the water, all colour had died out. Lord Erradeen was one of the last to leave the house, and he was at first but vaguely aware of the little movement and sudden pause of the party upon the first turn of the winding path. He did not even understand for a moment the eager whisper which came almost more distinctly than a shout through the clear still evening air. It was the voice of young Tom of Ellermore.

"Look there! the light—the light! Who says they do not believe in it?" the young fellow said; and then there was a flutter of exclamations and subdued cries of wonder and interest, not without dissentient voices.

"I see some sort of a glimmer," said one.

"It is as clear as day," cried another.

"It must be reflection," a third said.

Walter raised his eyes; he had no sort of doubt to what they referred. His old house lay dark upon the edge of the dark gleaming loch, silent, deserted, not a sign of life about the ruined walls; but upon the tower shone the phantasm of the light, now waning, now rising, as if some unfelt wind blew about the soft light of an unseen lamp. It brought him to himself in a moment, and woke him up from the maze of vague thoughts which had abstracted him even in the midst of the gay movement and bustle. He listened with strange spectatorship, half stern, half amused, to all the murmurs of the little crowd.

"If you call that light!" said the voice of Katie; "it is some phosphorescence that nobody has examined into, I suppose. Who knows what decayed things are there? That sort of glimmer always comes out of decay. Oh, yes, I once went to chemistry lectures, and I know. Besides, it stands to reason. What could it be else?"

"You know very well, Katie, what they say—that it is the summons of the warlock lord."

"I would like to answer the summons," cried Katie, with a laugh. "I would send for the health inspector, from Glasgow, and clear it all out, every old crevice, and all the perilous stuff. That would be the thing to do. As for the warlock lord, papa shall invite him to dinner if you will find out where he is to be met with, Tom."

"Like the commandant in *Don Giovanni*," somebody said; and there was an echoing laugh, but of a feeble kind.

Walter heard this conversation with a sort of forlorn amusement. He was not excited; his blood was rather congealed than quickened in his veins. But he lingered behind, taking no notice of his late companions as they streamed away to the boats. He seemed in a moment to have been

parted miles—nay, worlds away from them. When he thought of the interview that was before him, and of the light-hearted strangers making comments upon the legend of the place with laugh and jest, it seemed to him that he and they could scarcely belong to the same race. He lingered, with no heart for the farewells and explanations that would be necessary if he left them formally: and turning round gazed steadfastly towards Kinloch Houran from behind the shade of the shrubbery. Here Oona found him, as she rushed back to warn him that the boats were pushing off. She began breathlessly—

"Lord Erradeen, you are called—" then stopped, looked at him, and said no more.

He did not answer her for a moment, but stood still, and listened to the sounds below, the impatient call, the plash of the oars in the water, the grating of the keel of the last boat as it was pushed off. Then he looked at Oona, with a smile.

"I am called—" he said, "but not that way. Now I must go home."

Her heart beat so that she could scarcely speak. Was this spell to take possession of her again, against her will, without any wish of his, like some enchantment? She fought against it with all her might.

"If that is so," she said, "Hamish will put you across, when you please."

He took no notice of these indifferent words.

"This time," he said, "it is altogether different. I know what is going to happen, and I am not afraid. But it must come to an end."

What was it to her if it came to an end or not? She tried to check the quick-rising sympathy, to offer no response.

"They will be late on the water, but I hope they will get home before dark," she replied.

Then he looked at her wistfully, with a look that melted her very heart.

"Don't you know that it will never come to an end unless you stand by me?" he cried.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MRS. FORRESTER was most willing to put Hamish's services, or anything else she possessed, at Lord Erradeen's service. "It is just the most sensible thing you could do," she said. "They will be very late, and half of them will have colds. Oona, you will just let Hamish know. But Lord Erradeen, since you are here, will you not stay a little longer, and get your dinner before you go? No! Well, I will not say another word if it is not convenient. Just tell Hamish, Oona, my dear."

Walter followed her so closely when she went upon that mission that she could not escape him. They stood together in the grey of the evening light, upon the beach, while Hamish prepared the boat, Oona's mind in a tumult of apprehension and resistance, with an insidious softness behind, which she felt with despair was betraying her over again into the folly she had surmounted. He had not the same commotion in his mind; his thoughts were altogether bent on what was coming. She was his confidant, his support in it, though he had not said a word to her. He took her into account in the matter as a man takes his wife. She was a part of it all, though it was not of her he was thinking. He spoke after a moment in a tone full of this curious claim, which seemed to him at the moment incontestable.

"It will never come to an end unless you stand by me," he said. "Everything can be done if you will stand by me."

Oona, in her strange agitation, felt as if she had surprised him thinking aloud; as if he did not address her, but merely repeated to himself a fact which was beyond dispute. He said no more, neither did she make any reply. And once more, as if in repetition of the former scene, he turned round as he stepped into the heavy boat, and looked back upon her as Hamish began to ply the oars. She

stood and watched him from the beach; there was no wave of the hand, no word of farewell. They were both too much moved for expression of any kind; and everything was different though the same. On the former occasion he had been escaping, and was eager to get free, to get out of reach of an oppression he could not bear; but now was going to his trial, to meet the tyrant, with a certainty that escape was impossible. And for Oona there had been the sensation of a loss unspeakable—a loss which she could neither confess nor explain, which took the heart out of her life; whereas now there was a re-awakening, a mysterious beginning which she could not account for or understand. She stood on the beach till the boat had disappeared, and even till the sound of the oars died out in the distance, in an agitation indescribable. The first despairing sense that the influence against which she had struggled was regaining possession of her, was for the moment lost in an overwhelming tide of sympathy and response to the claim he had made. He had no right to make that claim, and it was intolerable that she should have so little power over herself as to yield to it, and allow herself to become thus the subject of another. Her pride, her reason, had been in arms against any such thralldom; but for this moment Oona was again overcome. She had no power of resistance—her very being seemed to go with him, to add itself to his, as he disappeared across the darkling loch. Stand by him! The words went breathing about her in the air, and in her mind, and everything in her echoed and responded—Stand by him! Yes, to the death. This excitement failed in a sudden chill and shiver, and sense of shame which covered her face with blushes which no one saw, as startled by the gathering dark, and the sound of Mysie's step hastening down to the landing-place with a shawl for her, Oona turned again and ran swiftly up the winding way.

The loch was like lead, with a

ripple of mysterious changing lights in the darkness, as the boat shot round under the shadow of Kinloch Houran. All was as still as in a world of dreams, the sound of Hamish's oars in their regular sweep alone breaking the intense stillness. Here and there among the trees a light glimmered on the shore—a window of the Manse—the door of the little inn standing open and betraying the ruddy warmth within: but no sound near enough to interrupt the stillness. Walter felt as though he parted with a certain protection when he stepped upon the bit of mossed causeway which served as a landing pier to the old castle, and, bidding Hamish good night, stood alone in that solitude and watched the boatman's red shirt, which had forced its colour even upon the twilight, grow black as it disappeared. The sensation in Walter's mind had little akin with that panic and horror which had once overwhelmed him. No doubt it was excitement that filled up his whole being, and made the pulses throb in his ears, but it was excitement subdued; and all he was conscious of was a sort of saddened expectation—a sense of a great event about to take place which he could not elude or stave off—a struggle in which he might be worsted. "Let not him that putteth on his armour boast himself like him that putteth it off." He did not know what might happen to him. But the tremors of his nervous system, or of his agitated soul, or of his physical frame—he could not tell which it was—were stilled. He was intensely serious and sad, but he was not afraid.

Symington, who had been in waiting, listening for his master's return, opened the door and lighted him up the spiral stairs. The room was already lighted and cheerful, the curtains drawn, the fire blazing brightly.

"The days are creeping in," he said, "and there's a nip in the air aneath thae hills—so I thought a fire would be acceptable." In fact the room looked very comfortable and bright,

not a place for mysteries. Walter sat down between the cheerful fire and the table with its lights.

There is often at the very crisis of fate a relaxation of the strain upon the mind—a sudden sense as of peril over, and relief. Thus the dying will often have a glimmer in the socket, a sense of betterness and hope before the last moment. In the same way a sensation of relief came on Walter at the height of his expectation. His mind was stilled. A feeling without any justification, yet grateful and consoling, came over him, as if the trial were over, or at least postponed—as if something had intervened for his deliverance. He sat and warmed himself in this genial glow, feeling his pulses calmed and his mind soothed—he could not tell how. How long or how short the interval of consolation was, if a few minutes only, or an hour, or half a life-time, he could not tell. He was roused from it by the sound of steps in the corridor outside. It was a passage which ended in nothing—in the gloom of the ruinous portion of the house—and consequently it was not usual to hear any sound in it, the servants invariably approaching Lord Erradeen's rooms by the stair. On this occasion, however, Walter, suddenly roused, heard some one coming from a distance with steps which echoed into the vacancy as of an empty place, but gradually drawing nearer, sounding, in ordinary measure, a man's footstep, firm and strong, but not heavy, upon the corridor outside. Then the door was opened with the usual click of the lock and heavy creak with which it hung upon its hinges. He rose up, scarcely knowing what he did.

"You examined everything last night to find a secret passage," said the new comer with a humorous look, "which indeed might very well have existed in a house of this date. There was actually such a passage once existing, and connected with a secret room which I have found useful in its time. But that was in another part of the house, and the age of con-

cealments and mysteries—of that kind—is past. Won't you sit down?" he added, pleasantly. "You see I put myself at my ease at once."

Walter's heart had given such a bound that the sensation made him giddy and faint. He stood gazing at the stranger, only half comprehending what was happening. All that happened was natural and simple in the extreme. The visitor walked round the table to the other side of the fire, and moving the large chair which stood there into a position corresponding to Walter's seated himself in the most leisurely and easy way. "Sit down," he repeated after a moment, more peremptorily, and with almost a tone of impatience. "We have much to talk over. Let us do it comfortably, at least."

"I can have nothing to talk over," said Walter, feeling that he spoke with difficulty, yet getting calm by dint of speaking, "with an undesired and unknown visitor."

The other smiled. "If you will think of it you will find that I am far from unknown," he said. "No one can have a larger body of evidence in favour of his reality. What did that poor little woman in Edinburgh say to you?"

"I wonder," cried Walter, unconscious of the inconsistency, "that you can permit yourself to mention her name."

"Poor little thing," he replied, "I am sincerely sorry for her. Had I foreseen what was going to happen I should have guarded against it. You may tell her so. Everything that is subject to human conditions is inconsistent and irregular. But, on the whole, taking life altogether, there is not so much to be regretted. Probably she is happier *there* than had she embarked, as she was about to do, in a struggle with me. Those who contend with me have not an easy career before them."

"Yet one day it will have to be done," Walter said.

"Yes. You consent then that I am not unknown, however undesired,"

the stranger said, with a smile. He was so entirely at his ease, at his leisure, as if he had hours before him, that Walter, gazing in an impatience beyond words, felt the hopelessness of any effort to hurry through the interview, and dropped into his seat with a sigh of reluctance and despair.

"Who are you?" he cried; "and why, in the name of God, do you thus torment and afflict a whole race?"

"The statement is scarcely correct. I was a Highland youth of no pretension once, and you are supposed to be Lord Erradeen, a Scotch earl and an English peer. That is what my tormenting and afflicting have come to, with many solid acres and precious things besides. Very few families of our antiquity have even survived these centuries. Not one has grown and increased to the point at which we stand. I see a great addition within our reach now."

"And what good has it all done?" Walter said. "They say that my predecessor was a miserable man, and I know that I—since this elevation, as you think it—have been——"

"Good for nothing. I allow it fully. What were you before? Equally good for nothing; consuming your mother's means, opposing her wishes, faithful to no one. My friend, a man who sets himself against me must be something different from that."

To this Walter made no reply. He could not be called penitent for the folly of his life; but he was aware of it. And he did not attempt to defend himself. He was entirely silenced for the moment: and the other resumed.

"I have always felt it to be probable that some one capable of resistance might arise in time. In the meantime all that has happened has been gain, and my work has been fully successful. It would rather please me to meet one in the course of the ages who was fit to be my conqueror, being my son. It is a contingency which I have always taken into consideration. But it is not likely to be you," he said, with a slight laugh.

"I shall know my victor when he comes."

"Why should it not be I? If it be enough to hate this tyrannical influence, this cruel despotism——"

"As you have hated every influence and every rule all your life," said the other with a smile. "That is not the sort of man that does anything. Do you think it is agreeable to me to be the progenitor of a race of nobodies? I compensate myself by making them great against their will—the puppets! I allow you to wear my honours out of consideration to the prejudices of society: but they are all mine."

"It was not you, however, who got them," said Walter. "Can a grandfather inherit what was given to his descendants?"

"Come," said the stranger, "you are showing a little spirit—I like that better. Let us talk now of the immediate business in hand. You have something in your power which I did not foresee when I talked to you last. Then there were few opportunities of doing anything—nothing in your range that I had observed, but to clear off incumbrances, which, by the way, you refused to do. Now a trifling exertion on your part——"

"You mean the sacrifice of my life."

The stranger laughed—this time with a sense of the ludicrous which made his laugh ring through the room with the fullest enjoyment. "The sacrifice of a life, which has been made happy by —— and by —— and by —— How many names would you like me to produce? You have perhaps a less opinion of women than I have. Which of them, if they knew all about it, as I do, would pick up that life and unite their own to it? But happily they don't know. She thinks perhaps—that girl on the isle—that I meant her harm by my warning. I meant her no harm—why should I harm her? I harm no one who does not step into my way."

"Man!" cried Walter—"if you are a man—would you hurt her for succouring me? Would you treat her as you treated——"

"That was an accident," he said quickly. "I have told you already I would have guarded against it had I divined—— But your limited life is the very empire of accident. Even with all our foresight we cannot always make sure——"

"Yet there are occasions—in which it is not accident. Is it possible that there might be danger to——?" Walter got up and began to pace about the room. He had completely surmounted every other sort of superstitious terror; but if it were possible that this dark spirit with power more than a man's could injure Oona! His self-command forsook him at the thought.

"Those who come across my path must take the consequences," said the stranger, calmly. "It is their own fault if they put themselves in the way of danger. Let us return to the subject in hand. The woman whom you must marry——"

The words suddenly seemed to close on the air, leaving no sort of echo or thrill in it; and Walter, looking round, saw Symington come in with the scared look he remembered to have seen in the old man's countenance before, though without any sign in him of seeing the stranger. He asked in a hesitating manner, "Did ye ring, my lord? You'll be wanting your dinner. It is just ready to come up."

Walter was about to send the old servant hastily away; but a slight sign from his visitor restrained him. He said nothing, but watched, with feelings indescribable, the proceedings of the old man, who began to lay the table, moving to and fro, smoothing the damask cloth, folding the napkin, arranging the silver. Symington did everything as usual: but there was a tremor in him, unlike his ordinary composure. Sometimes he threw an alarmed and tremulous look round the room, as if something terrifying might lurk in any corner; but while doing so brushed past the very person of that strange visitor in the chair without a sign that he knew any one to be there. This mixture of suppressed panic and inconceivable unconscious-

ness gave Walter a suffocating sensation which he could not master. He cried out suddenly, in a loud and sharp tone which was beyond his own control, "Symington! Is it possible you don't see——"

Symington let the forks and spoons he was holding drop out of his hands. He cried out, quavering, "Lord have a care of us!" Then he stooped trembling to gather up the things he had dropped, which was a great trouble, so nervous and tremulous was he. He collected them all at the very foot of the man who sat smiling in the great chair.

"You gave me a terrible fright, my lord," the old man said, raising himself with a broken laugh: "that was what you meant, no doubt. All this water about and damp makes a man nervish. See! what should I see? I am no one of those," Symington added, with a great attempt at precision and a watery smile, "that see visions and that dream dreams."

"Why should you disturb the man's mind for nothing," said the visitor in that penetrating voice which Walter felt to go through him, penetrating every sense. He had grown reckless in the strange horror of the circumstances.

"Don't you hear that?" he cried sharply, catching Symington by the arm.

The old man gave a cry, his eyes flickered and moved as if they would have leapt from their sockets. He shook so that Walter's grasp alone seemed to keep him from falling. But he remained quite unconscious of any special object of alarm.

"Me! I hear naething," he cried. "There is nothing to hear. You have listened to all those old stories till ye are just out of yourself. But no me," Symington said with a quavering voice, but a forced smile. "No me! I am not superstitious. You will no succeed, my lord, in making a fool of me. Let me go. The trout is done by this time, and I must bring up my dinner," he cried with feverish impatience, shaking himself free

Walter turned round half-dazed to say he knew not what to the occupant of that chair. But when he looked towards it there was no one there: nor in the room, nor anywhere near was the slightest trace of his visitor to be found.

CHAPTER XXX.

It may be supposed that the dinner which was served to Lord Erradeen after this episode was done but little justice to. The trout was delicious, the bird cooked to perfection; but the young man, seated in sight of the apparently vacant chair, where so lately his visitor had been seated, could scarcely swallow a morsel. Was he there still, though no one could see him? or had he departed only to return again when Symington and the meal had been cleared away, and the evening was free? There was a sickening sensation at Walter's heart as he asked himself these questions, and indeed, throughout this portion of his life, his experience was that the actual presence of this extraordinary person was very much less exciting and confusing than the effect produced during his apparent absence, when the idea that he might still be there unseen, or might appear at any moment, seemed to disturb the mental balance in a far more painful way. In the present case the effect was overpowering. Walter had been talking to him almost with freedom: it was impossible, indeed, thus to converse—even though the conversation was something of a struggle, with a man possessed of all the ordinary faculties, and in appearance, though more dignified and stately than most, yet in no way unlike other men—without a gradual cessation of those mysterious tremors with which the soul is convulsed in presence of anything that appears supernatural. The personage who inhabited or (for it was impossible to think of him as inhabiting a ruin) periodically visited Kinloch Houran had nothing in him save his stateliness of aspect which need have separated

him from ordinary men. He would have attracted attention anywhere, but, except as a person of unusual distinction, would have startled no one; and even when the young man so cruelly subject to his influence talked with him, it was impossible to keep up the superstitious terror which nature feels for the inexplicable. But as soon as he withdrew, all this instinctive feeling returned. Walter's nerves and imagination sprang up into full play again, and got command of his reason. By moments it seemed to him that he caught a glimpse still of an outline in the chair, of eyes looking at him, of the smile and the voice which expressed so full a knowledge of all his own past history and everything that was in him. This consciousness gave to his eyes the same scared yet searching look which he had seen in those of Symington, took his breath from him, made his head whirl, and his heart fail. Symington waiting behind his chair, but eagerly on the watch for any sign, saw that his young lord was ghastly pale, and perceived the half stealthy look which he cast around him, and especially the entire failure of his appetite. This is a thing which no Scotch domestic can bear.

"You are no eating, my lord," he said in a tone of gentle reproach, as he withdrew the plate with the untasted trout. ("That many a poor gentleman would have been glad of!" he said to himself.)

"No, I am not particularly hungry," Walter said, with a pretence at carelessness.

"I can recommend the bird," said Symington, "if it's no just a cheeper, for the season is advanced, it's been young and strong on the wing; and good game is rich, fortifying both to the body and spirit. Those that have delicate stomachs, it is just salvation to them—and for those that are, as ye may say, in the condition of invalids in the mind—"

Symington had entirely recovered from his own nervousness. He moved about the room with a free step, and felt himself fully restored to the posi-

tion of counsellor and adviser, with so much additional freedom as his young master was less in a position to restrain him, and permitted him to speak almost without interruption. Indeed Walter as he ineffectually tried to eat was half insensible to the monologue going on over his head.

"Ye must not neglect the body," Symington said, "especially in a place like this where even the maist reasonable man may be whiles put to it to keep his right senses. If ye'll observe, my lord, them that see what ye may call visions are mostly half starvit creatures fasting or ill-nourished. Superstition, in my opinion has a great deal to do with want of meat. But your lordship is paying no attention. Just two three mouthfuls, my lord! just as a duty to yourself and all your friends, and to please a faithful auld servant," Symington said, with more and more insinuating tones. There was something almost pathetic in the insistence with which he pressed "a breast of pairtridge that would tempt a saint" upon his young master. The humour of it struck Walter dully through the confusion of his senses. It was all like a dream to him made up of the laughable and the miserable; until Symington at last consented to see that his importunities were unavailing, and after a tedious interval of clearing away, took himself and all his paraphernalia out of the room, and left Walter alone. It seemed to Lord Erradeen that he had not been alone for a long time, nor had any leisure in which to collect his faculties; and for the first few minutes after the door had closed upon his too officious servant a sense of relief was in his mind. He drew a long breath of ease and consolation, and throwing himself back in his chair gave himself up to momentary peace.

But this mood did not last long. He had not been alone five minutes before there sprang up within him something which could be called nothing less than a personal struggle with—he could not tell what. There is a quickening of excitement in a

mental encounter, in the course of a momentous discussion, which almost reaches the height of that passion which is roused by bodily conflict, when the subject is important enough or the antagonists in deadly earnest. But to describe how this is intensified when the discussion takes place not between two, but in the spiritual consciousness of one, is almost too much for words to accomplish. Lord Erradeen in the complete solitude of this room, closed and curtained and shut out from all access of the world, suddenly felt himself in the height of such a controversy. He saw no one, nor did it occur to him again to look for any one. There was no need. Had his former visitor appeared, as before, seated opposite to him in the chair which stood so suggestively between the fire and the table, his pulses would have calmed, and his mind become composed at once. But there was nobody to address him in human speech, to oppose to him the changes of a human countenance. The question was discussed within himself with such rapidity of argument and reply, such clash of intellectual weapons, as never occurs to the external hearing. There passed thus under review the entire history of the struggle which had been going on from the time of Lord Erradeen's first arrival at the home of his race. It ran after this fashion, though with the quickness of thought far swifter than words.

"You thought you had conquered me. You thought you had escaped me."

"I did; you had no power in the glen, or on the isle."

"Fool! I have power anywhere, wherever you have been."

"To betray me into wickedness?"

"To let you go your own way. Did I tempt you to evil before ever you heard of me?"

"Can I tell? perhaps to prepare me for bondage."

"At school, at home, abroad, in all relations? Self-lover! My object at least is better than yours."

"I am no self-lover; rather self-hater, self-despiser."

"It is the same thing. Self before all. I offer you something better, the good of your race."

"I have no race. I refuse!"

"You shall not refuse. You are mine, you must obey me."

"Never! I am no slave. I am my own master."

"The slave of every petty vice; the master of no impulse. Yield! I can crush you if I please."

"Never! I am—Oona's then, who will stand by me."

"Oona's! a girl! who when she knows what you are will turn and loathe you."

"Fiend! You fled when she gave me her hand."

"Will she touch your hand when she knows what it has clasped before?"

Then Walter felt his heart go out in a great cry. If any one had seen him thus, he would have borne the aspect of a madman. His forehead was knotted as with great cords, his eyes, drawn and puckered together in their sockets, shone with a gleam of almost delirious hatred and passion. He held back, his figure all drawn into angles, and a horrible tension of resistance as if some one with the force of a giant was seizing him. He thought that he shrieked out with all the force of mortal agony. "No! If Oona turns and all angels—I am God's then at the last!"

Then there seemed to him to come a pause of perfect stillness in the heart of the battle; but not the cessation of conflict. Far worse than the active struggle it was with a low laugh that his antagonist seemed to reply.

"God's! whom you neither love nor obey, nor have ever sought before."

The room in which Lord Erradeen sat was quite still all through the evening, more silent than the night air that ruffled the water and sighed in the trees permitted outside. The servants did not hear a sound. Peace itself could not have inhabited a more noiseless and restful place.

To be continued.

THE PULSE OF ENGLISH ART IN 1883.

THE seven young Englishmen who set themselves, thirty years ago, to organise a reaction against the classic and academic tradition in painting, achieved more than they intended, for they brought about a revolution. Their peculiar formulas, their oddities, their ignorance of nature, were mere external and accidental features which experience and time removed. The essential part of their mission, their fructifying grain of new thought, remained with us, and passed out of their hands, and has transformed our native art. It is often said that the pre-Raphaelites have passed away, and have left no sign of their existence save in the work of one or two eccentric and imperfectly trained painters. As well might a man who has spent an hour in an atmosphere laden with musk complain that the box which contains the parent-odour has been removed and has left no trace behind it. He does not smell the diffused perfume, because every breath which he inhales is permeated with it. The theories upon which the illustrious Seven based their practice were too crude to be accepted without hesitation. Seeing the truth very clearly on certain sides, they did not perceive it upon others. Enamoured of the picturesque beauty of detail, they did not realise the predominance of form, of pure line, in all branches of design. Seized with a passion for positive truth, they missed the importance of relative truth; in their search for novelty, they missed the beauties of energy and harmony in movement. But there were numerous artists, too early trained in the academic schools to have initiated a revolution themselves, who were only too glad to avail themselves of the liberty offered by the pre-Raphaelites, and who quietly grafted their

juster sense of style on to the crude and strenuous practice of the new men. It is out of this juncture of the old training and the new ideas that English art as we see it to-day has sprung.

The change is radical, universal, multiform; and if theories alone could make good painters, our English school should be the most brilliant of the age, since none is less tramelled by foolish laws. But genius asserts itself with comparatively little regard for tradition, and delights to give us its epoch-making Boningtons and Cozenses when the theory of art is at its worst. The Royal Academy of 1883 possessed a great many bad pictures, in spite of the breadth of opinion and the healthiness of training from which it sprang. But healthiness and breadth, though they cannot insure us genius and do not always even nourish talent to the greatest advantage, are most valuable elements in the art-atmosphere of an age. If there are bad pictures with them, we may safely conclude that there would have been worse without them. They insure, at all events, variety and the opportunity of achieving excellence in many opposite fields.

In this respect, the English school is so far fortunate that the waves of eccentricity and reaction that trouble its waters are less violent than those which disturb foreign countries. With us, there is simply, in such cases, a gentle swaying of certain sympathetic or feeble natures towards the new strain of influence. The novelties in theory which have electrified the French painters within the last decade—the Impressionist craze, the Japanese mania, the rage for ultra-realistic treatment—each of these has affected us in England; but we have taken the disease mildly, and as each

of these systems has something good about it, not one being totally devoid of some healthy and fertile basis, it follows that with us, where the juices of the plant prove less poisonous than in France, it has borne fruit which has a more positive element of good in it.

At no time is it very easy to lay a hand upon so vast an organism as English art has become, and to diagnose its condition with any approach to certainty. We cannot tell, as we go round the walls of an exhibition, whether the elements of a great revival are budding around us, or whether a hopeless period of decadence is preparing at our feet. And, later on, when the shows of the season have been diligently threshed out in detail by the critics in the newspapers, there comes upon us a great temptation to cast the entire subject out of our minds, and to put aside the carking thought that the whole business must begin again next winter. It is so much easier to thread the pleasant boskage than to climb into an exceeding high mountain and survey all the provinces of art at a glance that we are tempted to wait until our appetites have been whetted to new exertions by delay. Even then, it may be that we shall not launch once more on the full stream of art without uttering some sigh like that of Mr. Matthew Arnold's indolent pilgrim—

"Is not on cheeks like those
Lovely the flush?
—Ah! so the quiet was,
So was the hush."

And yet it may be that, in the midst of this period of languor, of exhausted curiosity, we may be able with more sureness of vision than before to observe the general direction of art in the country, to see the outline of the goddess more clearly for missing the detail of her ornaments.

It sometimes seems very dubious whether the minute description of the exhibitions does more than simply quicken the sensibilities of the artists with a little pain or pleasure. It

is said that the ancestral carp in royal ponds would go to sleep for months if a few jack were not judiciously preserved to bite or tickle them into animation. As a jack, the art-critic may possibly serve a beneficial purpose; as a monitor to the general public he will probably be very young or very grave if he conceives himself to be of much service. Whether good-natured or ill-natured, savage or indulgent, the detailed analysis of a host of new pictures must lack that perspective which alone gives criticism any ultimate weight or importance. Such writing has come to be the mere amusement of newspaper-readers, the expression of personal opinions more or less founded upon observation and knowledge, but devoid of all positive value from its lack of relation to the general history and tendencies of art. The area examined is so small and so full of detail, the conditions of production are so imperfectly understood, that such criticism, even when most conscientiously performed, can only possess a temporary, even a momentary, importance. To omit certain names would seem unkind; such ephemeral qualities as prettiness, appropriateness, patriotic sentiment, and even personal friendship force themselves into a prominence of which the critic may be entirely unconscious, and his sketch of the year's art loses atmosphere and perspective in proportion to his expenditure of care and good-nature.

But now, "in the hush," if we look back upon the innumerable exhibitions of the year, we are less bewildered by the mass of individual pictures, and more capable of forming an idea of the general condition of art. Perhaps the first thing that strikes us is the enormous extension of art as a profession, and as a species of manufacture. The material prosperity of the arts was never so great as it is at this moment, their exercise was never undertaken as a form of livelihood by so many thousands of persons. It is perfectly true that the present exhibition at Burlington House has been what

artists call "a bad Academy," and that a gentle scare has set the profession trembling for their pockets. This comparative slackening in the purchase of oil-pictures is easily to be accounted for, whether from the unusual profusion this year of interesting sales of heirlooms, or from the animation in the trade of illuminated manuscripts and water-colour drawings, or from the sudden alteration in the American tariff. This temporary depression does not for a moment disturb our conviction that there has been no year in the history of our civilisation when fine art, in all its forms, occupied so prominent a place among the material interests of the country. With the spread of enterprise in porcelain, tapestry, etching, and all the other minor arts of ornament and luxury, meeting us at every street corner, it is not possible to doubt that art is financially prosperous in England, and that the schools of design now flourishing in every part of the kingdom respond to a demand, and do not merely help to create it. In fact, no one seriously attempts to deny this: our Jeremiahs confine themselves to laments over the decline of execution in the higher arts, and tell us that in frittering our time away over a dozen tricks of decoration we have lost the old grand manner of painting. Is it possible, then, to find out whether this is true or not?

Not, certainly, by comparing this year's exhibition with last year's or with the year's preceding. The fluctuations of talent from year to year show nothing at all when we observe them from this propinquity. The critics cry out that such a painter is declining, and has lost his charm and power: they are not aware that he has been watching a dying mother, or has been suffering from neuralgia. Next year he puzzles them by a revival of his powers, and they lose themselves in conjectures as to the cause of this, unaware that he has been relieved from his anxiety, or has recovered his health. If we look back over a long space of years, we see the lines of the landscape in their broad, essential forms, and the acci-

dental ups and downs are lost in the distance. It would be a most interesting experiment, if it were possible, to transport ourselves from the Burlington House of to-day to the Trafalgar Square of fifty years ago.

Tradition and record may help us to form a tolerably distinct picture of the Royal Academy of 1833. It was, it is certain, an exhibition which was considered to contrast favourably with its immediate predecessors. The Academy, as a body, was in a particularly prosperous and serene condition. No member of any distinction had died since Northcote, in 1831; the brilliant and unfortunate Gilbert Newton had been elected to take his place, and his *Abelard* attracted an attention strictly analogous to the interest felt this year in Mr. Alma Tadema's *Oleander*. In the first room people clustered around a ghastly *Murder of David Rizzio*, which divided the public suffrages with Etty's *Britomart and Amoret*. Sir Edwin Landseer was at the height of his fame, but had nothing better to present to his admirers than his *Sir Walter Scott*, seated in Abbotsford Glen, with his dogs around him. Lovely Constables, scattered here and there, outweighed the rest of the collection, but were unappreciated and unsalable drugs in the market. Turner was mysterious and magnificent as usual, but not this year especially notable. Wilkie, Leslie, Mulready, and Copley Fielding closed the list of really eminent contributors, to which perhaps Linnell, though the Linnell of the portraits not the landscapes, should be added. No more names, no other pictures, can be said to have survived the passage of half a century.

The first thing which strikes us in comparing this exhibition of 1833 with that of 1883 is that we are inferior to our fathers in one department, and that is landscape. What have we now to offer in competition with these clusters of Constables and Turners? Manifestly nothing that shows any sign of attracting general interest in the year 1833, and the one

man, Cecil Lawson, on whom our hopes of a 'great landscape-painter were founded, lies in his premature grave at Haslemere. So much we freely grant, and also that the delicious miniatures by Sir Charles Ross, Mrs. Anne Mee, and other fastidious hands, which were wont to attract crowds of *beaux* and *belles* into the Antique Academy, are represented by nothing at all in our Burlington House. But, these two concessions being made, we can surely venture to confront the figure-painters and the portrait-painters, and the rest, with modern work that is on the whole more animated and more valuable than theirs. Mr. Orchardson's *Voltaire with the Duc de Sully* is beyond all question a more intelligent and a more accomplished performance than Allan's *Death of Rizzio*. If it is sacrilege to say that Mr. Macbeth's *Sacrifice* is a better study of eighteenth-century manners, a more lively and elegant piece of painting, a more vital example of English art, than Leslie's *Tristram Shandy Recovering his Manuscript*, then I must summon up the courage of my opinions and be sacrilegious. There might possibly be entertained a doubt whether Sir Frederick Leighton outweighs Etty as a painter; but who will have the boldness to prefer Howard's "mythic" pictures to Mr. Watt's, or Calcott's coast-pieces to Mr. Brett's, or Westall's antiquity to Mr. Alma Tadema's, or Reinagle's cattle to Mr. Davis's? Surely Sir Martin Archer Shee seems a feeble name to conjure by to those who can speak of Mr. Millais as a contemporary, while Perronet Briggs and Beechey cut a poor figure beside Mr. Oules and Mr. Holl.

But when we have thus asserted the preeminence of the moderns against the poor ghosts who can answer nothing on their own behalf, we have not by any means closed the case on our own side. It is in versatility, in variety of accomplishment that an Academy show of to-day contrasts with one of fifty years ago. It was on the whole a timid and

a monotonous collection to which the painters admitted the public in 1833. We have but to glance down the catalogue to see how poor was the range of subject. Certain stock novels, such as the *Vicar of Wakefield*, *Tristram Shandy*, and *Ivanhoe*, supplied themes which were monotonously repeated until they were threadbare. The very titles of some of the pictures are eloquent; here is one from the catalogue of 1833:—*Milton asleep in a garden in Italy, observed by a lady, who writes some lines on his appearance, which she leaves in his hand*. It is only the very oldest Academicians who still indulge us with such subjects as these; and, compared with Hilton and Chalon, even Mr. Edwin Long seems to palpitate with actuality. Our modern colour is bolder, our design more free and natural, our compositions more interesting than those of our grandfathers.

But the consolation we find in comparing the pictures of to-day with those of fifty years ago is soon exhausted. As our ambitious artists go abroad and see what is done by our ingenious neighbours in France, they are less inclined to congratulate themselves on their advantage than to lament their deficiency. There is a curious little superstition in England that art in France is meretricious and flashy, thinly bright and weakly wicked. The public really does think this, and the critics try to believe it also; what is perhaps the most significant fact about the art of the moment in England is that our painters are beginning to give up clinging to this fine old patriotic fallacy. There is no stronger pulsation in English art just now than that which beats in envy and emulation of the French. From all parts of the world, from Sweden and America, from Poland and Brazil, students flock to the Parisian schools and are taught to paint. For one American youth who enters as a student at our Royal Academy, fifty brave the discomfort in exile at the great French ateliers. This cannot go on for ever without attracting the

notice of the profession in England, and in spite of the virtuous indignation of the newspapers our young painters are beginning more and more to set their faces towards France.

It is not French art as we see it displayed in the endless corridors of the *Salon* which tells the whole story of the fascination Paris has to a painter. It is not in a few sarcasms about ballet-girls with their throats cut or the putrescent bodies of suicides that we can dismiss a whole age of painting. It is true that French taste, or want of taste, permits certain indiscretions and brutalities without a murmur, that tenderness and the domestic affections are not valued so deeply, or perhaps so ostentatiously, as we value them, and that certain cool and pastoral charms of temperament seem denied to the Latin races. For evidence of these we search the walls of our Royal Academy not in vain, but it is only theorists to whom painting is a purely intellectual and not mainly a physical exercise who can be satisfied with abstract qualities like these. We want to keep our fresh English reverence for home and the Penates, but to translate it with the brush-power of these astounding Frenchmen. Our painters do not know how to put on the paint. There is a boy of one-and-twenty, who never exhibited a picture before, painting a page of Parisian life on a canvas as broad and high as a gallery-wall, and dashing on his colossal masses of colour with the sureness, and force, and refinement of a master. Never mind the subject for once, but contemplate the figure of that peasant-woman, the blouse of that man, the very varnish on the doors of the *barouche*, and ask yourself whether it is not worth while, instead of pharisaically denouncing the low aim of the French painters, to examine by what system of training they contrive to make their lads splash on the colour with such superb spirit and precision.

The tendency of painting in England, then, is strikingly in the

direction of a more cosmopolitan training. It is not from France alone that disturbing influences are affecting our schools of painting. The strongest bias of all proceeds from a Dutchman working at Venice, from the irresistible, the much-imitated Van Haanen. Another foreign influence is that of the melancholy and dusky school of the Hague, with its Israels, Mesdags, and Mauves. The bituminous tones of Munkacsy have affected more than one interesting artist; and altogether the English school at this moment is more open than it ever before has been to continental influences. The pre-Raphaelite strain has reached its extreme limit of direct influence. The exhibition of Rossetti's works this winter, and the almost too lavish display of his work in its slightest and most incomplete forms, has deepened our conviction of his personal greatness as an artist, but has had a singularly deterrent effect on would-be imitators. As long as Rossetti was a mystery, as long as a drawing here and a head there were the only indications of that poetry and radiance which had become a current myth, then he still enjoyed the position of a leader and a projector. But his admirers have dragged the veil away from his genius somewhat too rudely, and the most secret and withdrawn of painters has been thrust upon the public to absolute satiety. There has been a sad want of tact in all this, and though the genius of the man has been able to support the trial, and though Rossetti will always remain one of the great living names in the history of our art, for the moment the charm is gone and the spell is broken. Too much has been seen and said, and familiarity has bred indifference. Rossetti is no longer a force in contemporary painting. Mr. Burne Jones is perhaps the only one of that once so potent group who continues to advance in the esteem of the profession, and to assert an increasing influence over younger men, while even he is isolated, a great master among ineffectual pupils, who either

fail entirely, or ultimately turn aside to the more commonplace provinces of art. Mr. Burne Jones begins to take a kind of hieratic place among the laity of painting, a position analogous to that of M. Puvis de Chavannes in France. He possesses influence, but it is not influence of a composite kind; he does not hold to younger painters the relation of the branch to its twigs. He is rather a slender and isolated "Raphael tree" on the skirts of the forest.

The revival of portraiture continues to be one of the most interesting features of contemporary art in England. We have seen Mr. Millais stand alone as the great representative of portrait-painting amongst us; and within ten years we have seen Mr. Oulless, Mr. Holl, and Mr. Herkomer successively step up to a commanding height only just beneath the still dominant master. Nor is it at all certain that the numbers of this little group will not very shortly be augmented. Already Mr. Orchardson, Mr. E. J. Gregory, and Mr. Alma Tadema have shown themselves ambitious to add this leaf to their other laurels. It is in this branch of painting that those great fortunes are made which dazzle young students so perilously, and which tend, it must be said, to destroy the just balance between the different departments of fine art. The painter who is a master of historical composition is tempted to turn away from his life's work to paint a portrait which will bring him a bundle of bank-notes but will add nothing to his reputation. If he paints one, he may paint two, and by and by the great picture of his youth is turned with its face to the wall, and the little artist, who might have been a great artist, settles lazily down to be rich and mediocre. This is not, of course, true of those painters whose talent is more obviously extracted by the effort of painting a human head than by any other exercise; but even here the temptation to make large sums of money rapidly is one which it is more easy to deplore than to remove. Some of our most

eminent portraitists are beginning to turn out their works with an almost mechanical regularity. They project the head and bust of their sitter against a conventionally modulated bistre background, and then they consider their work to be complete. A flower in the lap, a few books on a table, a jar of porcelain on the ground, would occupy them certain additional hours which they are unwilling to expend. Another sitter waits, and they have no time to make a picture of their portrait. This is very much to be deplored, and if the fashionable portrait-painter would but pause to reflect, it would occur to him that without some allusion to the tastes and habits of a sitter, his individuality can only partially be seized. The old masters were not so niggardly, and Holbein never grudges us the carnation in his poet's hand, nor Moroni the brief that proclaims the profession of his sitter. The public has a right to complain, if the people who commission the portrait are too shy to do so, that the completion of these works should be sacrificed to purely pecuniary considerations; and the painters themselves should be warned in time of the fate which befalls too business-like an artist, even though his canvasses have been signed Bonnat or Carolus-Duran. No matter how brilliant a craftsman may be, he cannot with impunity contrive to exercise his skill with no other thought than the rapid coinage of a fortune.

The mention of two French names may remind us of the excellently-arranged and singularly suggestive exhibition of the portraits of a century held this spring at the École des Beaux Arts. No one, it is to be hoped, who takes any strong interest in the history of modern art was so unfortunate as to miss this opportunity. For those who visited it, and pursued in chronological order the portrait-painters of France from Greuze and Moreau down to Bastien-Lepage, nothing could be more instructive than the fluctuations of talent, nothing more pleasing than the evident superiority of the last decade over any

one of the preceding nine. If we could arrange—and why should we not do so?—an English collection on the same principle, beginning with the latest works of Reynolds and Gainsborough and closing with a selection from the best portraits exhibited during the present year, we should be able to form a valuable estimate of the condition of portraiture amongst us. That pre-eminence of the contemporary school which we have noted in France would certainly not be repeated here. Our century began in glory. But without comparing our living portrait-painters to such giants as Gainsborough, we believe that the best of them would pass with very great credit through the ordeal of comparison with all that has been done in this field since 1830, a date critical in the history of British portraiture.

If oil-painting has not displayed any particular activity this year, no one can complain of stagnation among the water-colour painters. The old smouldering feud between the Society and the Institute has broken into flame at last, and the duel, in which the complete ruin of each was confidently prophesied by the other, has been fought without affecting the prosperity of either. The world seems wide enough for two guilds of painters in water-colours, and it is probable that they have gained more by this ostentatious rivalry than by the amalgamation that was suggested and refused. It is a pity, however, that two bodies of excellent working artists should have made themselves ridiculous by a silly striving after titles and a patronage which are out of keeping with the simplicity of art and even with the temper of this age. It is hardly credible that so ancient and respectable a body as the Society should move heaven and earth to get itself styled the Royal Society merely to spite its younger and less honoured rival; while the comedy becomes broad farce when we find that rival, after untold spasms and groanings that cannot be uttered, proclaiming that it has grasped the same delicious

honour, and is in future to be named the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours. It is grievously humiliating, it is laughably absurd, when we consider the aims and character of the bodies engaged in this puerile pursuit:—

“Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?

Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?”

When we think of the simplicity of the great early masters of water-colour painting, of Cox at Hereford and Prout at Camberwell, of De Wint and Cotman and Hunt, with their arduous and unambitious lives, we find little to congratulate ourselves upon in the noisy worldliness of the new school; nor does the pompous and over-crowded show of the Royal Institute this year disarm our criticism by the general quality of its contents.

If the water-colour societies are materially prosperous it is to be feared that the Society of Painter-Etchers is by no means in so flourishing a condition. The year 1883 will be remembered for the failure of an experiment made three years ago under circumstances of peculiar encouragement. Mr. Seymour Haden may expostulate in letters to the newspapers; there is no doubt that his scheme, sustained beyond its natural term of existence by his vigorous support, has proved itself to be hopelessly impracticable. We hear that the exhibition of this year was a lamentable failure, and that none needs be expected in 1884. This is not, however, by any means a sign of any want of appreciation of etching in England. Etching has taken its place as one of the most popular of our arts, and the only fear is that its extreme facility will render it dangerously attractive to untrained hands.

What is proved, however, by the failure of the society is the fact which some of us foresaw, namely, that the position of the etching as an article of commerce has been misunderstood. Viewed exclusively from the

commercial side the etching is not a picture, it is a book. It is not an object which exists in a unique specimen, and can be isolated in a single room or gallery. It is a private or public issue, as the case may be, of a work capable of being reproduced in a comparatively large number of copies. The "states" of an etching are analogous to the editions of a book. Those bibliographical rarities which are issued in little editions of so many on vellum, so many on china, so many on Whatman, and so many on Japan, hold exactly the same position as do etchings or engravings issued with proofs before letters and artists' proofs. They are both of them properly sold by a publisher, not a picture-dealer, and to hold an exhibition of single specimens of them is as absurd as it would be for a society of authors to open a show of individual copies of their works. It is this commercial anomaly which has been the ruin of the Society of Painter-Etchers. They attempted to form a private exhibition of wares which are properly to be viewed at the shop of a print-seller. The only way in which the society could have continued to exist would have been in forming itself into a publishing firm, and in issuing, under protection of copyright, all the etchings of which proofs were exhibited on its walls. We should, however, be very thankful for the brief existence of this society, if only for the opportunity it gave us of observing the work of the admirable new school of American etchers. Several of these, Parrish, the Morans, Church, in particular, have become indispensable to us, and if the society which introduced them ceases to exist, their fine work will no doubt find a market here in some other way. It is to be hoped, however, that our native etchers in appreciating the fascinating refinement and ingenuity of the Americans, will not be satisfied with what is too often a mere web of gauzy and suggestive lines; a more massive style, such as Mr. Legros has brought from France and Mr. Haig from Sweden,

may instructively be wedded to this delicate art of frost-work.

The condition of sculpture in England is a branch of the practical science of art which demands study as much perhaps as any in this generation. There has never been a time since the beginning of the present century when there were so many signs of vitality in this art as we now find about us, while on the other hand there has not been for a hundred years so little public patronage or private encouragement of it. This is a circumstance which it is at first sight exceedingly difficult to account for, but it is possible that we have but to look round at the effigies in our streets and parks to divine a reason for it. The last generation, stirred up to it, doubtless, by the personal interest taken in sculpture by the Queen and Prince Albert, was gradually prepared to be exceedingly lavish in its expenditure on bronze and marble. If that patronage could have been held back until now, when English artists have profited by the learned taste of the French, it is probable that we might have seen our public places adorned with plastic art of a very respectable, in some cases of a really high, order. But unfortunately the prizes fell for the most part into the hands of persons who were mechanics rather than artists, and whose statues, of which the grotesque image of the Duke which is now lumbering Hyde Park Corner is an example, were a disgrace to English art. After such figures as these had been erected very lavishly at a great expenditure of public money, the country slowly woke up in a rage, and perceived too late the hideousness of the objects for which it had subscribed. The press made itself the mouthpiece of these complaints, and instead of investigating the source of the disaster, put it down to the essential nature of that noble and poetic art of sculpture for the cultivation of which the English nation is by its very training so eminently suitable. Platitudes about the hopeless decay of sculpture, the inability of bronze to stand our

climate, the poverty of English invention, and the like, half-truths which became dangerous only when they were persistently repeated, were made the stock-in-trade of every newspaper-writer who approached the subject.

The English public will believe anything that is dinned into its ears with sufficient constancy, and has unhappily become convinced that English sculpture is an impossibility, just when a school of young English sculptors is prepared to prove the contrary if only enough patronage is extended to them to keep body and soul together. For an honest sculptor his art is both arduous and expensive. He cannot take his work into the market as the painter can. The public must come to seek for him, or it will never learn of his existence. It is deeply to be regretted that, while London is in many ways becoming beautified, and raised to a level with the other capitals of Europe, the government does not occupy itself, as all other governments do, with the adornment of the streets by really good sculpture. Since Mr. Armstead was commissioned to cover the façade of the Colonial Office with reliefs, it can hardly be said that anything has been done in this direction. It is particularly desirable, by the way, that any action of the kind which may at any time be taken should not be confined to a single sculptor. The only way to create a worthy English school and to feed it by the introduction of new talent, is to equalise public patronage, and to take advantage of every form of notable skill in the preparation of fine work. Whatever may be said of the shortcomings of the Albert Memorial, shortcomings which are in the main architectural, it should never be forgotten that it was an unique and very spirited attempt to draw together on a monumental enterprise the principal

sculptors of the age. A similar memorial, undertaken now upon the same generous lines, would display the stride which sculptural talent has taken amongst us during the last fifteen years, and would force from the most adverse of critics an acknowledgment of the worth of the English sculptors.

Not in too blind an optimism, nor with too cynical a pessimism, does it behove us to regard the development of English art. It is threatened from various sides by an inrush of untrained amateurs, by a too servile observance of what is merely lucrative and fashionable, by a lack of intellectual resource, by an absence of technical perfection. But all these terrors are of an order which sound study and patient effort may avoid. There is no reason why a young painter should quail before the rivalry of young lords and old ladies, or paint babies in their baths for gold, or be a stupid fellow who never reads a book, or lay his colours on with a facile trick of the brush. The field is free to workers; they can avoid all these traps for incompetence; while, on the other hand, they possess advantages unknown before in any age, the respectful attention of a very large section of the public, a latitude in methods which binds no one down to any set order of rules, an opportunity of seeing what has been nobly done already in every country and in every age.

There remains nothing to be done but to repeat that traditional toast which has passed from mouth to mouth for more than a century, but which has, perhaps, never been set down in print before, that toast which was invented by Edmund Burke in rising at an Academy dinner to respond to a speech by Sir Joshua Reynolds—"Honour and glory to the next exhibition!"

IRISH LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

For a problem involving few grave political complexities, the question of Irish local self-government has of all questions been allocated a very large share of seemingly designed neglect. That it is a problem to be grappled with by the Ministry and Parliament has long been conceded.¹ It does not excite the stronger passions of parties as do some other phases of "the Irish difficulty;" nor, on the other side, did circumstances conduce to its getting that share of attention from Irish leaders which its intrinsic importance deserves, for the reason that it has not yet become even nearly, the biggest Irish question. On the opening of Parliament, 6th January, 1881, this matter was referred to very particularly in the following passage from the Queen's Speech:—

"A measure will be submitted to you for the establishment of County Government in Ireland, founded upon representative principles, and framed with the double aim of confirming popular control over expenditure, and of supplying a yet more serious want by extending the formation of habits of local self-government."

Local self-government is a portentous term as applied to affairs Irish. It is well that in this case it has crept into use; it may accustom all parties to a use and application of the word in a new and better sense as regards Ireland generally. The functions of government implied, as included in the term, mean no more, practically speaking, than an efficient

and business-like transaction of local affairs in the modern liberal spirit by men representative of, and responsible to, local popular opinion, and controlled by popular vote. The primary idea of local self-government means the constitution of elected boards to take over the powers of the grand juries, and the control of local affairs generally. Really, Government committed to the concession of the principles involved, and the country desirous of the change, it seems a small thing to achieve the passage of such a measure. But what practical shape this legislation will take is a thing as yet quite unknown; beyond condemnation of the grand-jury system, the practical details of the matters involved have received very little benefit of discussion.² A new scheme of local self-government is a thing to be undertaken with circumspection, and only on grave deliberation, and is well worthy more attention than it has received.

The first step ought to be the revision of the divisions of the country; a sweeping away of the ancient, arbitrary lines, and a rearranging and modernising of the administrative departments on a natural and practical business basis. In pursuance of a loosely-conceived plan of "County Government," it would be absurd to give, in a bungling way, such a Government to Louth as to Cork, to Carlow as to Galway, to Longford as to Kerry or Tipperary. The quartering of Ireland into provinces means very little in these times, and may in future be totally neglected and left to the care of non-official geographers. The nomenclature as to a continued use of

¹ And on no occasion that has casually arisen more emphatically and unequivocally than on the last. . . . "There is not a subject which I could name on which I personally feel a more profound anxiety than on the local self-government of Ireland, and local self-government upon a liberal and effective basis."—MR. GLADSTONE, in Debate on the Closure, November 8, 1882.

² Since this paper was written, the measure of Mr. Healy, M. P., was submitted to Parliament.

the term "*county*" might still well be adhered to. I have ventured to make a division of the country; and give as follows, alphabetically arranged, the names of seventy-three local government centres, new counties, so to speak:—

Arklow, Armagh, Athlone, Athy, Ballina (on the Moy), Ballinasloe, Ballymena, Ballyshannon (or Donegal), Banbridge, Bandon (and Kinsale), Belfast (and Lisburn), Birr, Boyle (or Ballaghaderreen), Cahirciveen, Carlow, Carrickfergus, Carrick-on-Shannon, Castlebar (and Westport), Cavan, Charleville, Clonmel, Coleraine, Cookstown, Cork (and Queenstown), Derry, Downpatrick, Drogheda, Dublin, Dundalk, Dungannon, Dungarvan, Ennis, Ennisceorthy, Enniskillen, Fermoy, Galway, Kilkenny, Killarney, Kilrush, Kingstown (and Bray), Letterkenny, Limerick, Lismore, Listowel, Longford, Loughrea (or Gort), Lurgan (and Portadown), Macroom, Mallow, Maryborough, Monaghan, Mullingar, Naas, Navan, Nenagh, Newcastle (on the Deel), New Ross, Newry, Newtownards, Omagh, Roscommon, Skibbereen (or Bantry), Sligo, Strabane-Lifford, Thurles, Tipperary, Tralee, Tuam, Tullamore, Waterford, Wexford, Wicklow, Youghal.

For local government purposes the present divisions are indefensible. In the ancient idea of territorial divisions and the modern idea of administrative centres and districts, there is nothing in common, but a good deal in contradiction; hence, perhaps, the unfitness of the present county divisions of Ireland for local government purposes. They are non-natural; they have no dependence on physical characteristics, or conditions, or circumstances; nor have they any relation to centres of population, and in consequence no coincidence with the lines on which the life and business of the country tend to run. The boundaries are merely arbitrary and haphazard. The whole arrangement must be wiped out, and the island redistributed into seventy-three new

counties on the centres named, or such greater or lesser number as shall be decided on eventually. Our boundaries and landmarks, like everything that prevails for a time, no matter how radically wrong, have some value, though, in many cases, exceedingly little. Tipperary ("the premier county") means nothing. The county is over seventy miles long from the Shannon to the Knockmealdown mountains. The Clonmel, the Thurles, the Tipperary, the Nenagh departments or districts would be something intelligible, and something much more real and Irish to speak of than north or south "ridings," and something not conterminous with Tipperary as a county. The silver thread of the Suir divides Clonmel as a centre from the mountains which overlook it; is it not more of a natural arrangement to make Clonmel the pivot on which the district turns—what it really is—by adding to it the Nier Vale and the country from "the half-way house" and the high peaks of the Comeraghs, than to have the man in the smaller half of Clonmel, turning his back on Clonmel and his face to Waterford, twenty-seven miles away as the crow flies—if a crow ever flies over those mountains?

In Limerick the man who dwells by the Treaty Stone has to turn to comparatively insignificant Ennis, twenty miles away. Though the Foyle gathers Derry city to Donegal territory, naturally speaking, the Donegal man dwelling at Malin head has to pass Derry by and go seventy miles south-west to tenth-rate Ballyshannon as his capital, Lifford intervening as the assize town. Carlow is thirty-two miles long by less than twenty across; the area of Louth is even less than that of Carlow. Cork, a province in itself, equal to almost ten such counties as Carlow or Louth, from Youghal to Dursey Islands, is one hundred miles long by sixty-three miles across, from Charleville to the old head of Kinsale. The Galtee foot and Glengarriffe are too wide apart for a common interest or a community

of feeling or opinion as regards matters of local self-government. The Tipperary man "by Brosna's banks," is bound by no ties of locality with the Tipperary man seventy miles away by the Araglin. The nine counties—Cork, Galway, Mayo, Donegal, Kerry, Tipperary, Tyrone, Clare, Antrim—together make up more than half the island. If we take out of the total of the population the sum of that of the great towns not situated in these counties, these nine counties will contain more than half the remainder of the population. The life and fortunes of town and neighbourhood are associated naturally in such centres as those named; the present divisions are non-natural, arbitrary, and irrational. Carlow would not in this scheme disappear from the map; Louth would, as the original Louth has almost from the face of the land—to be supplanted by such intelligible geographical and topographical factors as Drogheda and Dundalk. On the whole, the names of fourteen counties would disappear. If the counties would be increased from thirty-two to seventy-three, the "*unions*" would be reduced from one hundred and sixty-three to seventy-three. In this provisional localisation there has been no aim at a distribution into any number of equal parts. Lines of latitude and longitude are not feasible as practical boundaries as in new countries—

... "where fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;"

and where in fact the new civilisation is about to be laid on an engineered basis. The county names would be entirely sunk as such, those surviving being the names also of centres of population; and instead, we should have a new apportioning of the country on the *centres* which, from one cause or another, have sprung up. "*Ridings*" would be a barbarism no longer heard of.

I have not proposed these seventy-three counties without much study of the question. There will be some-

thing instructive in merely looking carefully into the list. Perhaps on examination some may be for limiting the number; it is equally probable that some would propose to increase it. These centres in "the irrevocable past," have not been laid down on any discoverable design, that is, they have not grown up in any pre-determined order; and hence in grouping the country on them the departments will still vary much in size, and, occasionally, in relative importance. There is no help that I can see for this. Some of the centres fall nearer each other; some a good deal more distant. In some cases there would be a choice of centres so to speak; in a few cases the department would be raised on elliptic foci; in some cases quite a group of towns would be included, as in that of Maryborough. Belfast (environs) and Lisburn, seven miles apart, I have linked together in one department; Bandon and Kinsale, eight miles apart, in another; Castlebar and Westport, ten miles apart, in a third; Cork and Queenstown in a fourth; Kingstown and Bray; Lurgan and Portadown, five miles apart. Cahirciveen, over thirty miles from Killarney, I have named as a county centre, though an inconsiderable but a thriving place; such governments will be matter of consideration. Perhaps in some instances the centre might be better chosen; Bantry might be preferable to Skibbereen as being more central with regard to Castletown and the Bearhaven peninsula generally; Donegal perhaps to Ballyshannon. The expediency of extending the number beyond seventy-three, and giving governments to such centres and districts as Cashel, Carrick-on-Suir, Clifden, Clones, Kinsale, Gorey, Lisburn, Portadown, Queenstown, and Westport, and even Belmullet, may be strongly urged. It is a matter of detail. Seventy-three is not a mystic number, and has only been arrived at by the process of first making the divisions as set down and then counting them. If the districts of Clifden

or Belmullet could show within them the indispensable elements which would go to a government organisation, no doubt their claims would be irresistible. Belmullet is forty miles from Ballina, which is its first great stage on the way of communication with outward civilisation; Clifden is forty-five miles from Galway. With regard to many of the places which might be disposed to insist on being formed into governments, I had a feeling that it would be possible to make departments so small that they would begin to lack many essential elements of autonomy, and it is only a matter of individual judgment to draw the line where I did. Though I went to the task of division without a desire to indulge fancies or sentiment, I found that I had been throughout half consciously aiming at some symmetry; and I think there is some symmetry in the scheme as laid down, and that as the number seventy-three is reduced or increased, this symmetry will begin to disappear. Since the distribution of considerable towns over the face of the land is something that we have no power either to alter or amend, it is plain that we have to deal with a set of facts as we happen to find them, and that if we are to proceed rationally we cannot do what we like with them. In no place will a real landmark be removed; the lines will be laid on the true foundations of the country; no district will be wrested or turned away from the *genius loci*. The average new county would almost equal in area the present county of Limerick, which is the tenth in order of extent, and exceed Down, which is the eleventh. A few of those re-divisions would involve little change; Kilkenny county would be trimmed of some of its outskirts; Longford would be little altered; Carlow would be lopped of its southern extreme, and as the town stands on the borders of the Queen's county, some of the latter would be included in the Carlow department; Maryborough County would differ little from Queen's County, being only reduced to the extent of some outlying

portions; Enniskillen would be little more than a new name for Fermanagh; nor would Meath be broken up. In fact, looking on the map, what appears rational in the topography of the counties would be practically retained, while the wild incongruities of our old geography would be reduced from the semi-chaos which so long has characterised it. Any new relation of town and country is not necessarily implied. The general rule would be that the town should be part and parcel of the department—the town men having votes and representation as well as the country—and all equally liable to pay rates. This arrangement would not interfere with the town as a municipality; the town might regulate such concerns as would solely appertain to a town; in all other things to be part of the government. Of course Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Limerick, Derry and Waterford would continue to be governed by their respective town corporations as now. In such cases as the linking together of two towns as the foci of a sort of elliptic county, or such a grouping as that of Maryborough, due regard must be had to the representative weight on the board of those centres; any of them must not suffer a disadvantage by undue preponderance of the other.

The total amount of cash administered by grand juries and poor law boards exceeds two millions per annum. The expenditure of this sum of money does not apparently constitute such a very great matter. To secure popular control—or the control of the rate-payers—over the expenditure of this sum is not in itself such a supreme necessity, though no doubt a wholesome and proper reform to be carried. Of more importance is it to put the business of the country into the hands of local bodies whose *raison d'être* would be the development of the country. In such event the sum of the local expenditure would probably be very largely increased. Perhaps we are far from the day of any public action commensurate with the public

wants being taken on the engineering of the Irish counties. No adequately inhabited country of Europe presents to the mind trained even a little in civil engineering such a temptation to conceive and dwell on ideal projects as Ireland. This comes entirely of the markedly undeveloped state of the country. There is again, in the face of neglect and absurd treatment combined, that powerful incentive to a raising of visionary schemes—the hopelessness that anything commensurate with the wants of the population will be undertaken. The county roads are in great part on obsolete military lines. In many hundreds of cases it occurs that the roads accommodating several square miles of country now lead directly nowhere; and if we are led to inquire into the cause of all this aimless roundabout we shall find, as in instances known to the writer, that the lines of road on which we are forced still to travel are those which radiated from some commanding eminence, the site of an ancient *rath*, in military occupation for the last time during the Cromwellian or Williamite wars. It is possible to some extent to read the hard history of the country in the lines on which it has been “engineered.” The expenditure of two or three millions of money annually is quite a secondary matter compared with the necessity of developing the country; and with the view of providing facilities for the opening up and working of local resources, the powers of the County Boards should be various and extended. Even as a matter of policy or expediency, there can be no question of the propriety of incorporating poor-law departments with grand jury business, and amalgamating all local business under one representative Board. Plenary powers should be given to the Boards with regard to public buildings, roads, bridges, railway extensions, tramways, rivers, water power, arterial drainage, canals, piers and harbours, and waste lands. In connection with roads there is only one matter in

particular that I care to occupy space with. The county roads’ mileage exceeds 12,000 miles; fenced on each side this gives a length of fence that would girdle the whole earth. Irish agriculturists are poor, and Irish land-owners have become proverbial for carrying on the trade of land-owning on the minimum of outlay. It follows that, as a general rule, these poor agriculturists have to maintain a fence sufficient to keep one half the world from breaking through and eating up the other half. In the future the fences should be maintained as well as the ways by the County Boards. With regard to the railways and tramways:—I think it would be well that within their several counties each Board should have power to build and work railways and tramways. At present grand juries are empowered to give guarantees for interest on capital invested in railways; ’tis but a practical step from that for the County Board to build its own railway. The provisions of the “Relief of Distress Act” as to loans at one per cent. would be useful under the County Boards. With regard to canals:—Not only, I think, should the boards have power to make canals, but they should also be invested with the control of all the canals at present under local trustees, as well as those under the Board of Works; even those in the hands of private owners should be acquired and taken over by them. With regard to waste lands and reclamation generally:—In the Land Act, 1881, there is (Clause 31) a provision for making loans or advances to companies for the reclamation or improvement of waste or uncultivated land, drainage of land, and the reclamation of foreshores. This provision might well be extended so that Treasury advances could be made for those purposes to the County Boards as well. Neither companies nor occupiers are adequate agencies in the hands of the State for the reclamation of the great bogs. This is work for the country. Before my mind’s eye as I write lies

a bog plain of an approximate area of two hundred square miles. From a range of hills bounding it on one side streams descend on it crossing these hills at the remarkable interval of about one thousand and fifty feet, or at intervals which are multiples of this factor; rivers pass over and intersect it; in fact several miles of rivers and water-courses intersect and traverse it. Not that this plain is all bog: it embraces all varieties of soil, from rich loamy and gravelly lands to bog forty feet deep, in greater or lesser local proportions. There are broad wastes of deep, red bog, with margins shallow and grading outwards into arable land as the chronic level of saturation is surmounted. Under present conditions and circumstances this waste actually expands. The one royal remedy for this state and tendency of things, is to take all the rivers and streams and waters passing over and resting on such areas down into the stone. An Irish bog is not a "deposition" of "sedimentary" matters on the grounds so superposed. It is a soil which has grown on the site for the most part within historic time, owing to insufficient fall for water on those levels (any soil thereon being thereby continuously saturated), and owing also in a great degree to the cutting away of the woods which at no very remote date flourished on those plains, and owing furthermore to the very bad scale of cultivation which the policy of the country dictated, allowing peat to extend from a nucleus in the deeper places over areas which under good cultivation would never have succumbed to it. It is interesting to trace (as it can be occasionally) in cut-away bog, the progress of this movement. On the bottom are found the stools of immense trees which kept those areas free from the clinging black shroud of peat. These trees were cut down, and furnished in many cases the export timber trade of Ireland till the seventeenth century. Subsequently to this original state the land grew under- or brush-wood;

and as peat grew simultaneously, this growth of wood dwindled till finally it ceased, and so the hazel stools are left at certain heights in the peat as mile-stones, marking the progress in the age or rather state of bog, and after this depth of peat had been attained, the areas only grew heather and the other moorland plants. Taking the waters into the stone by deepening the old channels and opening up new, would arrest the development of this process.

The County Boards would be the "department" for deepening the waterways traversing those plains—simply to have it done as county work, as the roads are made for public utility—to make way for the rains to pass out of the land at such a safe depth as not continually to "water-log" a wide extent of the soil; simply enter on the face of the country, take the water into the stone, and leave the occupiers to take care of their own business on the fields around. Thus in a generation should we have the bogs shrunken to narrow dimensions, and thus Thurles New County itself would remove this black spot from the heart of the country.

It has been suggested that certain lands should be transferred to the County Boards for reclamation and re-allotment. If anything of this nature can be embodied in a workable measure no doubt it will form a highly desirable and useful provision; and if such is included, I would urge that in connection with it, *planting* should not be forgotten.

To ensure the thoroughness of the work of the Boards, it would be well to arrange that an initiative should rest with the individual members of the Board, with the engineers of the Board by letter and report to the Board, and with any member of the public by the old system of "presentment;" and that every work of the several Boards should be efficiently engineered.

With reference to taxation. The power of the boards may be confined to a direct tax on rateable property.

It is possible that for many various reasons different parties may be averse to allowing County Boards any taxing powers beyond this, except the levying of tolls or the taking of earnings on railways and canals. Advocates of county government will continue to look forward to a time when there shall be a county budget, the reflex of a county policy.

It is conceded unreservedly that the new County Government shall be "founded upon representative principles." The representative principle is in a crude and rather unwholesomely developed state in this country, and in the Irish portion more particularly. If local self-government is not to be a mere temporising half measure, and another of those egregious disappointments such as have come of a recent system of legislation with little more than a colour of fine principle and a profession of good intentions to recommend it, the representative principle will have to be looked to very closely as forming part of local self-government with a view to making it an *active principle*. To promoters of local self-government I would say—beware of petty territorialism. If the elective suffrage is to be similar to the present Parliamentary suffrage, the undesirable result is likely to be that *big* men will be struck down and everything vested in a set of *small* men, very small men, though no doubt property owners. According to the tendency of our times we can only look for a remedy for such a danger as this in an extension of the suffrage—to a manhood suffrage if possible.

What further useful offices, in addition to those touched on, County Boards, may be made to fulfil in the economy of the country it would be useless, if not impossible, here to dwell upon; and I have only a few more remarks to offer with regard to the central Irish Boards. No matter how local self-government is de-

veloped, there must still be central Boards. In a country not self-governed administration is even a greater difficulty than legislation; and legislative intentions are constantly being baulked in consequence of falling into unsympathetic hands. To obviate this I would suggest that a Central Board should be constituted, to consist of one member delegated from each of the seventy-three County Boards and the six greater corporations. The functions of the present Local Government Board, Board of Works, Board of Lunatic Asylums, Board of General Valuation, and perhaps of other Boards, should be merged in this one Board. I do not mean to say that such powers as some of those boards are now vested with should still be confided to any board—I rather think not; and such a Board as that indicated would probably be found superior to any nominated Board in securing uniformity of procedure and accounts, and in directing a system of audit and inspection, as well as arranging for the general regulation of the collective construction and engineering. Through this Board might be directed all questions of co-operation between the various County Boards, and any issues going to arbitration determined, such as the lowering of a river for the benefit of a district higher up and in another county, or the incidence of the charges for a bridge in which two or more counties would be more or less interested. This Board, too, might, with great benefit be vested with powers to deal with private bill legislation generally under Parliamentary standing orders; the Acts of the Board to be "orders" without the formality of Parliamentary sanction. Such a Board, even with a local parliament in Dublin, would be better qualified to deal with many practical schemes usually "scamped" through Parliament than any Parliamentary Committees.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

RANCHE LIFE IN THE FAR WEST.

THE object I have placed before myself in writing this rough sketch of ranche life, is to give to young men, thinking of going out west, as vivid an idea as possible of the kind of life they will have to lead. I shall endeavour to make what I have to say interesting to the general reader. But I warn every one beforehand that this sketch will contain no startling adventures, but only plain ordinary experiences, such as, more or less, must occur to any one in western life.

My principal reason for doing this is that I have never yet encountered a man, meaning to take up this strange life, who had the faintest notion of what it would be like. Such men have generally a vague idea that there *will* be hardships and privations of some sort to be endured, but what form they will take they neither know nor apparently care. All they do know is, that they are tired to death of the confinement of an office, that their prospects in England are not good, and that life "out west" promises more room for their energies, and a free out-of-door existence as well. To such men I address myself.

Well, I have nothing to say against this. Your expectations—such as they are—are reasonable. But a man generally likes to look as far as he can before he leaps, and I therefore offer for your perusal these gleanings, both from my own experience and from that of men out there well known to me.

To begin with, it is impossible to deny that life on a sheep-ranche is a very severe trial of endurance, a trial that no doubt is, in many ways, a salutary one; that sometimes makes a *man*—a being able to battle alone with the world—out of materials which, if left to themselves, under the protecting care of parents or

guardians, would become a feeble or supercilious and priggish specimen of humanity.

I most emphatically assert, however, that any young fellow with average education and intelligence, a good constitution, and a steady determination to persevere, in spite of the discouraging and unexpected hardships of this new life, will, in the end, do well, and perhaps become in time a wealthy man.

But remember that this cannot be done off-hand out west, any more than anywhere else in the world, and if you make money more quickly there than in the old country, you have a much harder life to lead; that the money is made by a systematic self-denial of all the comforts and conveniences of life which hitherto you considered absolutely necessary.

The first thing brought before your notice out west is that a man has all the women's work to do as well as his own. And, much to your disgust, you will find that you are expected to light the fire, help at the cooking, wash up dishes after meals, cut firewood and draw water,—in fact, do all the worst drudgery, like the last 'prentice on board ship. This work, with a few odd jobs about the ranche, will occupy your first few weeks of prairie-life. However, though excessively distasteful and rather humiliating as this household drudgery is at first—it soon gets habitual, and you take it all as a matter of course.

This initiation over, you are now introduced to some of the sterner parts of your life. The Mexican shepherd, or "herder," as he is called, is given a holiday, and you are put in charge of the sheep.

One of the most provoking characteristics of the thing is that

"herding" looks so extremely easy. You have probably often watched the Mexican with envy, as he tranquilly strolled round his flock, while you were slaving away at some work about the rancho. You have perhaps gone so far as to hint to your western friends that he seems to have very easy times, to which they assent with a grim chuckle, and the comforting assurance aloud, "that you shall have a good spell of it soon," adding to each other in an undertone, "a little more than he'll wish for, I guess."

But no misgivings are in your mind as you stride off, in the cool invigorating air of an October morning. I am taking the pleasantest time of the year for your "first day on the herd." How that first day on the prairies comes back to me! Having compared notes with other men, and found that they have all had much the same sensations, perhaps I cannot do better than give a description of my own experiences.

I had rigged myself out in as outlandish a manner as possible. Firstly, a broad-brimmed gray felt hat, painfully new, which I had bought at double the ordinary price at the nearest western town. Secondly, an unmistakably "Britisher" coat and waistcoat, the effect of which, however, I considered quite counteracted by a blue flannel shirt with open collar. Thirdly, a pair of corduroy trousers, and lastly, a huge pair of English riding-boots, imposing in appearance, but calculated to blister horribly the feet of the unfortunate wearer. But the crowning touch of all, to my mind, was a Colt's revolver, firmly strapped round my waist. I felt that for the first time in my life I was an armed man, with six men's lives in my belt. I looked round and thirsted for an adventure.

For the first hour or two I strolled after my sheep wherever they led me, and devoted my energies to keeping a sharp look-out for wild animals. Then came an exciting chase after a lively rabbit, which, possibly from bewilder-

ment at this sudden apparition of corduroys and white hat, allowed me to approach near enough for a shot, and my luck even enabled me to knock it over. With what pride I examined my prize, and anticipated exhibiting it to the scornful "boys" at the rancho.

After a few minutes spent in ascertaining how far off the rabbit I was when I shot it, it occurred to me that it might be as well to see after the sheep. I looked round. They had disappeared. I listened for the sound of the bells or a stray "baa." Nothing was to be heard but the squeaking bark of the countless prairie-dogs. I grasped my rabbit and ran to where I had seen them last. Not the ghost of a sheep to be found anywhere. Then a kind of panic seized me and I rushed frantically in every direction, and after an hour or two of violent exertion desiered them afar off, walking fast, in a compact body, westward, as if they had made a special appointment in San Francisco, and were losing no time in keeping it.

After an exhausting chase, occasionally catching my foot in a prairie-dog's hole and tumbling head foremost upon a bed of inhospitable cactuses, the thorns of which remained in my hands for hours, I caught up the sheep, which however seemed "possessed," for no sooner did I get in front of them, to prevent their passage to the Pacific Ocean, than they wheeled round and struck a bee-line for New York.

Again, perspiring, panting, I fear swearing, I headed them off, and thought that *now*, at least, they must take a little time to consider what they really did want to do. Vain hope. With a jingle of bells, and a defiant, not to say diabolical, "baa," they wheeled briskly to the left, and started off to explore the Arctic regions without delay. The long-tailed wethers leading, and the poor little six-months-old lambs bringing up the rear, protesting pitifully at being deprived of their breakfasts, but ready

to follow their leaders to the world's end.

Here the ordinary human being collapses, overpowered by the heat, worry, and exhaustion incident to the rush over soft ground for some hours in a heavy pair of new boots, and to the combined weight of a satchel containing lunch, a canteen filled with water that was once cold, and lastly this precious rabbit, which I could not find in my heart to throw away, but which I would now give worlds not to have shot.

With a feeling of desperation I threw myself on the grass, and inwardly determined that the sheep might go to eternal perdition before I would stir another step to prevent them.

This angelic frame of mind lasted a few minutes; after which I languidly raised my head, expecting, as before, to find them gone.

But, behold! there they were, all spread out in front of me, feeding quietly and soberly, as if travelling were the last thing they would ever dream of doing.

"What an ass I was," I soliloquised, "to trouble myself about them; next time I will let them go."

I spent the next hour in eating my lunch of bread and mutton (which by the by had become abominably dry and tasteless, washed down by the tepid water), and in attempting to pick the reminiscences of the cactus out of my fingers.

But this peace did not last long; casting my eye over the sheep, I noticed that the flock appeared much smaller than it did half-an-hour ago. Suddenly I heard a distant "ba-a." The sheep feeding near me raised their heads, and in a moment more were stringing off, in long lines, to join their restless companions, now nearly half a mile away.

For a few minutes I remained where I was, expecting them to settle down to a rational feed as before. But as the tinkle of the bells grew fainter, and they were nearly out of sight, I

became uneasy, and slowly gathering myself up, and grasping the inevitable rabbit, I started again on the weary chase after my irrepressible flock. Before I had gone half a dozen steps, that detestable panic laid hold of me again, and I floundered along as fast as my blistered feet would carry me until I came up to them. Then again the sheep fed quietly and allowed me a little rest, and so the weary day dragged on; and, an hour too soon, I made my appearance at the ranche, footsore, tired, and hungry, beyond expression; feeling that no week I had ever passed had seemed half so long as this one day—my first day on the herd.

I have inflicted this detailed description of a "tenderfoot's" first experience of herding upon my readers, because the same performance occurs, with variations, day after day for weeks, and even months.

This herding, which looks so easy and pleasant, becomes, on actual experience, one of the hardest of the trials of western life. For the first six months it is really hard work, as well as entailing much physical discomfort. You cannot at first, however clever you may be about other things, learn the art of "herding,"—that is, repressing the ardour of the stronger sheep who try to roam all over the country, and give the weaker members of the flock a chance to feed quietly; and I cannot, on paper, describe the method employed. You must *do it* day after day, week after week, and in time—say from six to twelve months, according to the steadiness with which you persevere—you will be considered a qualified herder.

You are then allowed to read, and so the time will hang less heavily on your hands. By this time, too, you are hardened to the western custom of two meals per day, and do not burden yourself with canteen or satchel—an effeminate habit, stoutly pursued at first, but at last discontinued under the withering scorn of your western friends.

A fast, however, of sixteen hours, under a burning sun, with only a little—a very little—dirty water in the middle of the day, even when you are used to it, is not particularly delightful, and the alternative of being drenched to the skin, and trudging through mud in wet clothes all day, is not much better. After this work I need hardly say you come in the evening with a raging appetite to—what?—boiled beans, fried bacon—very salt and stringy—and dry, heavy bread, washed down by black coffee, minus milk and sugar.

In winter life certainly is more enjoyable; then the day is only from ten to twelve hours long. But winter also has its drawbacks. Occasionally you have to spend ten hours or so in a blinding snow-storm, and dimly grope your way home at night, guided by the reports of rifles fired at intervals by the men at the ranche; this occurs, on an average, six times during the winter. Every morning the frost is intensely keen, and your fingers and toes suffer accordingly. But the worst part of the day is in the latter half of the afternoon. All the morning the sun is exceedingly powerful, and the snow, through which you are obliged to tramp, soaks in an insidious manner right through the leather of your boots, saturating them with moisture. At 2 p.m. the sun loses its power as quickly as it gained it, and a biting frost takes its place. Being much fatigued with the day's work—for grass is scarce and the sheep hungry—you have not enough vitality left to counteract the effects of the returning cold, and in spite of a steady walking to and fro to keep up the circulation, your feet and hands get more benumbed every minute, and for the last hour or two there is no feeling in them at all; your boots are frozen into solid blocks of ice, and your fingers are too stiff even to button up your coat. I must say that to keep an eager flock of sheep from racing to their corral when you

are in the miserable condition described above, for the last hour before sun-down, and this, too, in sight of the warm, comfortable ranche, from which there is already wafted towards you an incense of supper, is in a small way, as good a test of what stuff a man is made of as I know. And do not forget that this occurs, more or less, every evening through the months of December, January, and February. Then, though you are consoled by a substantial supper of juicy mutton-chops, even this has to be paid for by the killing, skinning, &c., twice a week, of one of the long-tailed wethers before-mentioned.

I am afraid my readers will think me determined to put this life in the worst light, when I proceed to assure them that this heat and thirst, and cold and hunger, are the smallest parts of the unpleasantness of sheep-herding. But it is so beyond a doubt. It is the complete isolation, the almost maddening monotony of the life, that tries one's moral fibre the most. One day is precisely the same as another—Sundays included. No society to be got at, even if you had the chance given you of cultivating it.

The two great events in the year are shearing and combing. They mean a little variety of work, a great deal of worry, sleepless nights, and an intense feeling of relief when they are over. It will be necessary for you to take the sheep into camp for some months every year, and this means that you will have to live—very probably alone—in a hut or tent, miles from the home ranche or any other habitation; and, after a long summer's day with the sheep, come home to a cheerless, empty house, light your own fire, cook your own supper, and spend the night alone, as you have done the day.

On windy nights the sheep, not being penned up in a corral, will very likely wander off, and when you awake, as you probably will about midnight, you may find them gone, and have to wander out into the darkness, listen-

ing for a "baa," or the tinkling of a bell, to guide you to their whereabouts, and with the awful silence around you, broken only by the weird, mocking howl of the coyote; and until you know the direction your sheep are likely to take in their night wanderings—that is, until you sleep so lightly that the sound of their moving off wakens you—you may spend many a weary hour in groping about for them in the darkness.

And here, I think I may say, that you reach the climax of all the trials you are to go through to become a western man. You will not be sent alone into camp with sheep until you have "herded" many months. All through these "herding" months the life has been getting harder and harder to bear. One by one, all your previous hopes as to western life have faded away; all the novelty of your work has gone; everything that seemed worth living for has departed from your life. Your friends calmly say that no man should expect any pleasure or holiday to speak of, for the first two years." And you see the people around you leading lives, freer perhaps, but hardly more comfortable than your own.

And yet now, when things seem at their worst, when you confess bitterly to yourself that it is only because you cannot face the idea of being beaten that you still persevere—now you are set to this "camping"—a task harder than anything you have borne yet. Camp-life, alone with a flock of sheep to take care of, is, as far as my experience and that of any one I ever knew out west goes, the toughest thing of all even in that hard life. You have all to bear that you had before. The same food, the same hours out with the sheep, and, in addition, this terrible sense of loneliness, which, as we have said before, until you become used to it, nearly overpowers any stamina that you have left.

But now—if you *still* determine not to give in, but to struggle on to the end—the tide has turned, and, from

this moment, your prospects will steadily improve.

The first indication of this you will find in a marked change of manner towards you by the men around you. This "camping" is considered a crucial test, and, if you bear it uncomplainingly, the half-contemptuous, condescending way in which they have hitherto treated you changes to a rough but hearty and helpful sympathy, which true western men never fail to give to a man whom they consider has emerged from the "tenderfoot" or "eastern man" stage of existence, and is now one of themselves.

Camp life gives you something to look forward to; you appreciate, as you never did before, the comforts of the home ranche, the social "pipe" round the fire before turning in, and the supper, *not cooked by yourself*, and eaten in company with the "boys," who now, for the first time, listen respectfully to what you say concerning the state of the sheep, the goodness of the grass, &c.

You become hardened even to the loneliness of camp, and have the satisfaction of knowing that you have gone through the worst that will be ever likely to happen to you.

And so the first twelve months of western life come to an end; and if you have a few hundred pounds procurable—either of your own or borrowed at moderate interest—you will probably be able to invest it advantageously in sheep; perhaps "run" them with those of the man you have hitherto worked for.

In other ways, of course, your life will greatly improve; you will make journeys to various parts of the country, and become acquainted with the customs and ways of the rough-and-ready, hospitable western stockman.

Still, though as the years roll by your stock increases from hundreds to thousands—your life will be a hard one. At lambing time the sheep require the closest attention, and you

will work as hard, and be as much exposed to the weather, as one of your Mexican herders. At all times, in fact—summer and winter alike—you must be ready to turn to and work with hands as well as head for many a long year to come.

I have now given you, as far as lies in my power, a faithful account of the practical side of the life that a man must expect if he decides to try what sheep-raising in the west is like.

Of course the experience of no two men is the same. This was mine, and, in its main features, the experience of the men about me.

I should, perhaps, say here that I have not alluded to the *danger* that there is in this wild isolated life; not because it is not there, but because it is impossible to say how much another man may be exposed to, as it depends on situation and many other things. That there is danger I do not deny, but you think very little of it when out there, and I am happy to say I never knew or heard of an Englishman who thought of throwing up western life on that account.

But do not imagine that you can escape the discomforts, and far more than discomforts that I have described; your experience will only be different in detail. Whether you have capital or not, you *must* learn your business first; you must thoroughly understand how to handle other people's sheep before you allow anybody to handle your own. You can only do this by going through for the first year or two at least these same unpleasant but necessary trials.

After these are over, it will depend on your own care, forethought, and business capacity whether you make money or lose it in the highly risky business of raising sheep.

On some future occasion I may say

a word about the effect that western life has upon character; its power of strengthening the weakest, hardening the softest, nature by the tests—some of which I have not mentioned here—that will be applied to them.

The question has often been put to me, "Should a man carry firearms or not?" I say, and my voice will be echoed by all western men, most decidedly *yes*.

For the first few months it is advisable not to do so, when you are among strangers, for, as I remarked before, a "tenderfoot" is treated with lofty, contemptuous pity, and it is considered unpardonable presumption for an eastern man to pretend an acquaintance with firearms which he most certainly would prove not to have if put to the test. Nevertheless, carry them when alone, and practice steadily at any small game; and by the time you have come out of the "tender-foot" state you should be a fair shot.

Then comes the time when it is needed, not probably that you will have to shoot any one. But out on the prairies, where there is no law but lynch law, you never know what may happen. To use the words of an old Frontier man of my acquaintance, "You may carry a six-shooter twenty year and never use it once, except fur skunks, but at the end of that twenty years you might want it so almighty bad, that you'd wish you'd packed it all the time." I have dwelt thus long on the question of firearms because I have heard so much cant as to its being "much the best policy never to carry anything of the kind." All I can say is, that the men who preach this have either never been out west at all, or have only stayed there a very short time, and have most certainly never become entitled to call themselves "Western men."

TWO TURKISH ISLANDS TO-DAY.

I.—CHIOS.

CHIOS suffered, as we all know, from an overwhelming earthquake just two years ago; for a short time the island was a nine days' wonder, and relief poured in from all quarters of Europe. Since then she has been forgotten; Europe has had earthquakes and other excitements nearer home, and the ruin of Chios is now only a vague memory. Unfortunately for the island it forms an insignificant portion of the Turkish dominions, consequently its disasters are two-fold—the one overwhelming at the time, the other permanent and galling in the extreme. During a tour I took in the island it seemed to me that no other portion of the Turkish dominions that I had visited offered such a lamentable example of misrule and oppression, and there is no one to raise a protest. For what is Chios but a small island in the *Ægean Sea*? Nobody visits the interior now the villages are in ruins; all the rich that could have left her. The printing-press has been peremptorily stopped, so who can hear the groans of those who suffer and are robbed?

We will dismiss the chief town, or Chora (*Χώρα*) as it is called, in a few words, for though in ruins the people here are comparatively prosperous. Even if they do live in wooden huts instead of three-storied houses with marble staircases, in a country subject to earthquakes they are safer where they are. Their climate is delicious, and the perfume of orange and lemon groves make you forget that there are still buried in the ruins the bones of the victims of the earthquake. The people of the Chora are timid about returning to their houses for more reasons than one; they affirm that the ghosts of the unburied still haunt the ruins,

and a Greek of to-day, just as a Greek of old, objects to return to the ruined site of some great disaster. Again, the great dread of the earthquake has not left them yet; "it may return or not," they say, "who knows?" It is only a venturesome minority which tries to make the most of the ruins and live as they lived before.

Furthermore there are a few wealthy merchants still in the Chora—M. Choremi, for example, who has headed a subscription for the erection of new schools, and who is making a new road through the ruins; M. Polimedes and others, who are doing what they can to help their fellow-countrymen. And then the pasha lives here, and it is to the interest of the Turks to put on a good appearance in the Chora, as by this means they can hide the hideous state of the rest of the island. If a foreigner comes at all, for business or pleasure, he only stops at the Chora, and there he may lament the ruins, but he sees no abject poverty. But then the Chora contains not quite 10,000 Christians, and under 5,000 Turks; whereas the island has 50,000 Christians altogether, and but few Turks except soldiers out of the Chora.

Mule-riding for a week is the only way to see the interior of Chios; of carriages there are none. The southern road from the Chora leads through the plain, or *Kampos* as it is called, once dotted over with charming villas, but now all these are ruins. Here, before the earthquake, rich Greek merchants lived, who had made their money abroad, and who had retired to their native Chios as to a sort of earthly paradise. The names of Ralli, Scaramanga, Mavrocordato, are all connected with this fertile plain of

Chios, forming, as they did, an aristocracy of wealth, for before the war of 1821 the Turks treated Chios with unusual clemency.

Wherever the eye can reach stretch orange and lemon groves. Old towers—remnants of piratical days—had been utilised to form the nucleus of pleasant villas, but these are now for the most part entirely ruined or tottering. Walls are standing, perhaps with fire-places in them and shreds of paper hanging from them—tokens of a home life but recently destroyed. Strangely enough, the church steeples alone seem to have stood the shock, holding their own whilst all around is ruined, and some of these are slightly out of the perpendicular, unpleasantly suggestive of insecurity.

Our first halt, for lunch, was at the convent of Agios Minas, built on a gentle eminence overlooking the plain, the sea, and the adjacent coast of Asia. This, till the disaster, was a flourishing spot, with a church within its precincts, which dated from the early centuries of the Christian era; but it is now almost entirely destroyed, and the mosaics which adorned the interior exist no more. The Rev. Gregorius Semariotes, the superior, fed us with eggs, figs, and bread, beneath an olive-tree, for there was no place left for the accommodation of strangers save a wooden hut where the three monks slept; and it was from his lips that we first heard the story of oppression and tyranny which we were to verify as we went on. Of all the buildings which composed this convent one only is in fair preservation, and this is a square mortuary chapel, filled with the bones of 4,000 Greeks who were slaughtered here in 1821. Father Gregory told us the story as he showed us the bones—how 14,000 Greeks, from all parts of Chios, took refuge here from that terrible slaughter in the war of independence which first ruined Chios; how the whole Turkish army laid siege to the place, killed 4,000 and took the rest as slaves or prisoners; and here the

bones of the dead are still—skulls cut in two by swords, arms, legs, &c., heaped one on the other in cupboards around the wall. It is a pity that the earthquake, whilst destroying the rest, did not bury for ever these perpetual reminders of Turkish barbarity.

It is undoubtedly to the priesthood that we owe the existence of a Greek identity. By means of pilgrimages, miracles, martyrdoms, and saints, they have kept together through centuries of slavery the individuality of the nation.

After leaving Agios Minas we soon entered the so-called "*mastic villages*," once the most prosperous district of the island, and now the scene of the wildest devastation. The mule track through these villages winds its way over the tops of houses; now you ride past the fire-place in a second story, and then down you go to the level of a street. From many of these mounds the dead have never been extricated. One spot was pointed out to us as the tumulus of twenty-eight men there assembled in a *café*, when the earthquake came on them and killed them all. Money, time, and energy are all wanting even now to dig amongst the ruins. Generations to come will find in Chios Pompeiis without end.

The story of one mastic village is the story of another—abject poverty. Here everything was ruined, for the earthquake came on Sunday, so that the people, with their mules and implements of husbandry, were all at home. In the face of this terrible disaster and the generous contributions from Europe, the Turkish Government could do nothing but promise to remit taxation—for five years, they said, or until such time as the people had recovered from the effects. This sounded well enough in the ears of Europe, and everybody was satisfied. The Turks were poor, they could do no more.

A year goes by and the case is only altered, inasmuch as Europe has forgotten Chios. Money had been distributed amongst the sufferers—surely that was enough! But the inha-

bitants had not recovered, for the whole of that year shocks recurred again and again; they were still paralysed by their great disaster, and dreaded another. Turkey now sees her opportunity; double taxation is demanded to make up for the year of exemption, and this double is established as the rate of taxation for the future.

Could anything be more atrocious, saving perhaps their way of exacting it? The inhabitants of the village of Kalamotti form a committee to discuss whether resistance is possible; it is decided that nothing could be done, for the Sciote is not by nature brave like the Samiote, he is mercantile, shrewd, but timid. Money is therefore borrowed at an exorbitant rate of interest, their mastic crops and implements are mortgaged, abject starvation is the result. At each village we passed through we were shown women starving in their hovels, without a crust to give their hungry children. At Olympi, another mastic village, Turkish soldiers met the labourers in the fields, and in default of payment of the desired taxation, seized their mules, their goats, and their tools. On the slightest demur the delinquent was thrown into prison. And now the Turks are raising forts and placing garrisons all over the island to enforce payment.

It may be said that throughout the length and breadth of Turkey the inhabitants are ground down to the uttermost farthing, but in Chios there is a difference. On the other Turkish islands and on the mainland I found all complain more or less, but there life is possible; Chios has suffered recently from such a terrible disaster, that if she is not treated with greater lenience life will be impossible there. Suppose, for example, instead of sending succour to India after the famine, we had demanded double taxation, we should have done precisely what the Turks are now doing in Chios. But Chios, unfortunately for herself, is not India—only a small unnoticed island in the *Ægean Sea*.

Some statistics I gathered from the books of the Demarch of Kalamossia may serve to show the estimated extent of the disaster. After the earthquake there were 1,200 inhabitants left surviving, 500 of whom were children; 514 were destroyed. The assistance received from all sources was entered in a book, each page of which was stamped with the official stamp; each sack of potatoes, each sack of flour, each plank of wood was valued and entered at a very reasonable valuation, as far as I could judge, and the total item of assistance came to 742*l.*, or at the rate of 1*s.* 4*d.* per head. This, of course, was little compared to the losses, but still it was enough to stave off starvation for a time. Other villages further from the capital were not so lucky, for the distribution was uneven. Everything came first of necessity to the capital, and the people of the Chora knew how to take care of themselves. Further on we found that villages where the destruction had been the same the survivors had not received more than 3*s.* 6*d.* per head.

On another page was put down and likewise stamped with the government seal an estimate of the loss, and its total came to 82,000*l.* which can be no exaggeration, as the items included churches, schools, public buildings, and 350 houses. To-day we see the 500 children of Kalamossia running about in rags like spectres amongst the ruins, without a school-house or a school-master, or any chance of such a luxury, because their parents have to pay double the amount of taxes they had to do before their ruin.

Excessively quaint was the picture of the next village, Kalamotti, as we rode in towards sunset. Some twenty or thirty women were assembled round the well with ruins all around them. Each was dressed in the costume peculiar to this corner of the island. On their heads they wore a white, twisted headdress, the *κουλούρι*, the serpent-like ring, symbolical of eternity, with its long white streamer

down their back; there is a sort of peak inside the rings to raise it somewhat. Their blue jackets, the *σωμάτιον*, with needlework down the back and frills round the edge, fit tightly to their body. One white petticoat beneath this, is all—no shoes, no stockings, and a pitcher in either hand. The features of the Greeks in these villages are highly marked, and differ from any I had seen elsewhere; dark almond-shaped eyes, pencilled eyebrows, round face, prominent nose, and sallow complexion being the distinguishing feature, hair hanging like whiskers on each side of the face. Their language, too, is more primitive, with many Ionic peculiarities; they pronounce the omega distinctly, saying *ὠθρῶπος*, not as the modern Greeks do, according to accent, and ignoring the long *o*, but with a sort of musical cadence in it, placing an accent on both the first syllables. Their double letters, too, are prominent, each *μ* in *γράφμα* being distinctly sounded.

It was very difficult to obtain a lodging in this ruined village. We sat for a long time in a wooden hut, thinking that this would be our abode for the night; but at length a room, with yawning cracks in the ceiling, was prepared for us, and here we sat to receive the demarch, as a deputy of the village, to tell their past and present misfortunes. He sat on a sack of mastic as he talked, and the whole room smelt of mastic, for it is the chief industry of the place. In August they tap the trees for the sap, and it is much prized as a luxury in the East. You masticate little lumps of this gum mastic, which resembles varnish in its flavour, and candlegrease when reduced to a proper pulp. Even this industry, which the earthquake could not destroy, is not as it used to be. The capital is poor, the whole of Turkey is poor, and mastic is but a luxury, which can be done without.

In the same way the villages which the earthquake did not touch have suffered too, for they have not now a sufficient market for their goods; and

they tell me that even in the north of the island where the shock was comparatively slight the greatest poverty prevails.

Olympi was the first village we reached where the damage had been but slight; here, however, there was but little improvement in prosperity. It is a purely agricultural village, and had supplied its neighbours with food; the neighbours have now no money with which to buy food. So Olympi, with no means of sending its productions further afield, is suffering much. But still they have their homes left to them. It is a funny little village from a distance, like one large house or fort. In the centre is an old Genoese fortress, and around are tightly packed the narrow streets; around the whole is a wall. You can visit any house you like in Olympi by climbing on the roofs, which mode of progression is preferable to threading your way through the dirty, arched-over streets.

Our host was a genial man; he took us to visit all points of interest, and told us how he had an aunt who was a Turkish slave, being captured as a young girl in the war of 1822. At that same time the Turks had used the church of St. Michael at Olympi as a stable, and pierced the picture of the saint with their bayonets.

Of course these remembrances of a past are still keen in Chios, and don't help them to endure the present with any greater resignation. Wholesale cruelty and slaughter like that of 1821 and 1822 can never happen again, but then the cruelty of exacting more money than men can possibly pay, if not so openly monstrous as a great slaughter, is no less disastrous in the result; and then the Turks have ways and means of exacting money which none can realise without actually witnessing. For example, hundreds of poor Greek pilgrims left Smyrna this spring for the neighbouring island of Tenos, as they do twice every year, without a passport, or even dreaming that such will be required of them. This year, however, it occurred to an ingenious

official to demand of these pilgrims on their return their passports. None of course had them, and a fine of five francs a head all round was imposed.

Again, a new governor is sent to Chios, and finds on his arrival that meat is a shilling a pound; he immediately says it is too dear, and orders it to be sixpence in future. The butchers, however, know what he is after; they have a meeting of their guild; they make up a purse amongst them, and present it to the governor. If he is satisfied with this, without any further demur he raises meat to eighteenpence a pound.

No sadder sight for the archaeologist exists than the ruins of the new monastery (*Néa Mōri*) as it is called. It is up in the mountains of Chios, at the head of a romantic gorge, and was built by Constantine Monomachos 900 years ago, in recognition of a cunning prophecy the monks had made about his ascending the imperial throne. All the glories of Byzantine art were lavished on it; the mosaics were amongst the finest in the East, and styled the "glory of the *Ægean sea*." Now the largest quantity of them lie in a heap outside the church door; red, yellow, blue, green, square bits of glass may be picked up in handfuls. Every building round the church is in ruins, yet the church itself, though much damaged, and the mosaics ruined, is standing, for it has a vaulted roof; and everywhere we noticed that vaulted roofs, arches, and so forth were the best preserved.

Before the war of independence this monastery had no less than 400 monks—a perfect village as the ruins attest. Before the earthquake there were 120 only, but still prosperous, as recent travellers know who have partaken of their hospitality. They were educated men, too.

Now there are barely eighty of them left, mostly in rags, ill-fed, and fever-stricken from exposure in their wooden huts to the inclement mountain winds, and they are so busy tilling their ground to earn their bread that they

have not even dug the books of their library out of the ruins. For two years now these books and numerous old MSS. have remained buried in the *débris*.

Two rival hermits live on two rival peaks above the monastery. Father Procopios built a church for himself over an anchorite's cave, and, wonderful to relate, the earthquake did not so much as injure a stone of his building; furthermore, the people of the Chora maintain that he prophesied the earthquake, and so idolised was he by the populace that the Turks put him into prison last year as a mover of sedition; but on religious matters the Turks are as a rule tolerant, so they sent him back again in answer to the clamours of the people, and now he has returned to his cell and his prophecies.

When Moslem fanaticism has not been aroused, as was the case in 1821, the Turkish Government has been excessively lenient to their Greek subjects in the matter of religion. In every Greek church in Turkey of any antiquity, there exists but one sign of subjection; and it is this. Before the conquest of Constantinople, in the churches there existed a stone slab with the eagles of Constantine carved thereon, and put up in some conspicuous position. Now this is placed, by order of the Sultan, on the pavement to be trampled under foot, and the eagle has to have keys in its hands to symbolise the authority handed over to the Sultan.

In Lesbos a few years ago, commissioners were sent to see that these eagles were as they should be, and serious complaints were made that some were missing. In some churches the ingenious Christians have placed this slab on a pivot, so that the eagle may be placed downwards, and when there is a rumour of an inspection the stone is turned round.

Father Parthenios is the name of the rival hermit on the rival peak. I asked him about the success as a prophet Father Procopios had gained, and he answered with a sinister smile—

"He only preached to the people that if they did not turn from their wicked ways something terrible would happen to them; and this was construed by the fanatical women into a distinct prophecy; and then his church is built over a cave, and this has saved it from the earthquake."

In short Father Procopios had asserted an unpalatable superiority.

On my return to the Chora a personage in shabby garments expressed a desire to speak to me; his name was Constantine Prochides. Twenty years ago he established the first and only Greek printing-press in Chios; he printed school books for the gymnasium, he printed lists of the subscribers to charities. Six months ago his permission to print was taken away from him by the government, and now the schools of Chios can only get books by sending to Smyrna; they cannot print the names of the subscribers to their charities. In short, the Sciotes have no means of publishing anything now, and Prochides is a ruined man.

The object of this peremptory suppression of the press is obvious. The Turks do not wish anybody to know what is going on in the island, and how can anything be known? An English yacht or two may stop at the Chora for a few hours now and again; the occupants get off to see the ruins of the place; they think it sad, perhaps, and are glad to leave so mournful a spot. But since the officers of the *Thunderer* distributed relief after the earthquake scarcely a European has passed through the ruined villages, and now the printing-press is stopped nothing can be known except what the government chooses to tell.

From the antecedents of Chios we may fairly argue that if the island were left to itself it would recover, for there is a surprising amount of commercial vitality about a Sciote. Of all Greeks, a Sciote Greek is the most astute; the names of most successful Greek merchants in England and elsewhere point to a Sciote origin. Even as far back as the days of Herodotus

they were celebrated as a centre of commercial activity. During the Middle Ages the Greeks of Chios under Italian rule grew rich and prospered. Before the terrible slaughter of 1821, the wealth and luxury of Chios were proverbial throughout the East. Even after that disaster, which would have ruined any other place, Chios recovered, and before the earthquake, though badly governed, the island was prosperous. Unfortunately now their struggle for recovery is coincident with the final struggle of Turkey for existence, and unless in some way their position is alleviated the result must be fatal.

II.—SAMOS.

The steamer which plies between Chios and Samos only takes eight hours, and stops first at the Karlovassi, a nest of villages under the shadow of Mount Kerki.

A weird mountain, honeycombed with caves, and esteemed by the inhabitants as the abode of all sorts of unearthly horrors—Nereids as they call them for the most part in the island. The Nereids of the mountain are at constant war with the Nereids of the sea; if the former win the mountaineers are prosperous, if the latter, luck attends those on the sea shore. The Samiotes are right in attributing to the mountain their prosperity, for amongst the heights and caves of Mount Kerki the Samiotes kept up a constant war against the Turks long after the settlement of the Greek war of independence, which allotted the island, together with the rest of the Sporades, to Turkey. After wars of determined resistance, France, England and Russia gave the Samiotes leave to have a prince of their own—a Greek sent from Constantinople—a parliament of their own—in short, entire self-government on payment of an annual tribute of 400,000 piastres to the Porte. "So the Nereids of the mountains," say the Samiotes, "have put to rout the Nereids of the sea."

These mountaineers show the spirit

of independence common to their class. The Samiotes who cross over to the opposite mainland make the best brigands, and are the dread of the Turks; the Samiotes who stop at home make the best citizens, and are the most law-abiding race to be found in the Greek islands. Samos, with the exception of the plain around the ancient Greek city, now barely inhabited, is all mountainous, and the mountains are fertile, many of them with forests up to the top; hence a typical Samiote is a shepherd from the mountain side, and a fine fellow he is. This forms the difference between Chiotes and Samiotes; the former live principally on the coast, and are a timid, shrewd, mercantile race, the latter brave and hardy, and in a contest with Turkey the latter qualities are the most valuable, as the result shows. Throughout Samos every village we visited—and we visited nearly all—was prosperous; an element of security for life and property seemed to render enterprise hopeful, and contentment in the existing order of things prevailed.

We land at Karlovassi, and are at once cheered by the sight of a flag—red and blue with a white cross thereon, the emblem of independence. On the shore of the little harbour soldiers in exceedingly gay uniform meet us; they wear the Greek costume, only their petticoats or *fustanelli*, instead of being white cotton are of blue cloth; their coat is blue, with long flapping sleeves, their waistcoats are richly embroidered with red, and so are their gaiters; they carry a sword by their side. These are the Samiote guards. On inquiry we were told that this costume was only adopted two years ago; originally it was the dress of the villagers in Maratho-Combo, a colony in Samos from Epirus, and consequently Albanian.

Modern Samos in fact is a mass of little colonies, for the island was uninhabited for a century after the Turkish inroads, until a pasha in 1550 went to hunt there one day, and recognised its fertility, as the poet

Menander did centuries before, when he applied to it the Greek proverb that at Samos "even hens give milk." On representing this fertility to the Sultan, colonists from all parts of the empire were induced to go there by promises of gifts of land; consequently each Samiote village has a different type of countenance, though I am inclined to think from their dialect and physiognomy that the Ionian type prevails—probably Ionians from the neighbouring mainland. At the same time many villages claim relationship with the Peloponese, Macedonia, Lesbos, &c. Doubtless this mixture of blood has had a beneficial effect on the Samiote of to-day; only hardy and energetic men would undertake to colonise an island which had run to waste; at all events the offspring are finer Greeks than you meet elsewhere.

As in Chios mule riding is the only mode of progression; roads are being made, and an excellent one from the capital Vathy to the ancient capital Samos, or, as it is now called, Tigani, is actually finished, but the islanders have as yet a distrust in the merits of carts and carriages, and the road is grass-grown save for a mule track in the middle. The prince told me that the parliament had extensive schemes for road works all over the island, only money is wanting at present for the various enterprises. The Sultan in consideration of this fact has remitted 100,000 piastres of his tribute on condition that roads are made with the money. "He thinks," said a cynical inhabitant of the slopes of Mount Kerki, "that in case of a disturbance arising, when good roads are made, he will be better able to subdue us than he was before."

As we wait for our mules, the smart guards come to us, and ask where we are going and our object; when satisfied as to our innocent intent they encourage us by saying we may travel all over their island without fear, "very different from over there," they add, pointing contemptuously at the mainland. The truth of this we

realised, for nothing 'but the greatest civility attended our wanderings.

We stroll into the church; perhaps the most interesting thing for us who have just arrived at Samos is the throne of the prince therein, with *ζῳω* (let him live) written over it, and then there is the invariable richly carved tempelon or roodscreen which we see in every church in these islands. In fact carving is quite a specialty about here.

The mountain scenery of Samos is truly gorgeous, surpassing all things in the Greek islands in loveliness. Through peeps in the fir forests you get glimpses of olive groves, of distant sea and islands; through peeps in the olive groves you get glimpses of fir forests, craggy mountains, blue distances and bluer sea. Every shade is blue, and then sometimes these olive groves reach to the summit of lofty hills, giving to each peak certain peculiar tints of blue, resembling stamped Utrecht velvet in softness; tall gaunt cypresses stand out by way of contrast, and poplars without leaves, when we saw them—called *λευκά* by the Greeks from the whiteness of their bark—and then the foreground beneath you is gay with various coloured anemones spread out like a carpet, amongst the bushes. We turn a corner, and look down on a village climbing the mountain-side, of a curious rich orange colour, which harmonises wonderfully with the scenery. On the flat roofs they place soil of a certain yellow marl, which, when soaked with rain, imparts its colour to the walls, and hence the curious effect.

This was the village of Maratho-Combo on the southern slopes of Mount Kerki, where we arrived on the third day. It is the chief town of one of the four districts into which Samos is politically divided, and in point of size is second only to the capital, Vathy. Here we learnt more about the government and the internal working of the Samiote freedom.

They have a parliament, consisting of thirty-eight members in all, which

meets once a year, in the spring, either at Vathy, where they have a parliament-house, or at the Chora, the old Turkish capital, in the parish church. The sitting is never for less than thirty, or more than forty days. Every man in Samos has a vote. Out of this assemblage five senators are annually chosen to stay at Vathy, to act as the prince's permanent council—one from each of the divisions, and the fifth to act as chancellor of the exchequer; but without the consent of parliament not a penny can be spent.

All justice in its minor details is administered locally in the *dikasteria* of the four provinces by the two demarchs elected for the purposes. Cases of greater importance come before the Court of Areopagus, or assizes, which take place periodically, and are presided over by the senator for each province.

The *dikasterion* at Maratho-Combo was not a prepossessing building, and the government official (*ἐπαγγελεὺς*) was not a man of great personal intelligence; but he grew warm on the subject of his country's freedom. On the table of the justice hall lay a copy of the code of laws in use in the modern Hellenic kingdom. The Samiotes express a great respect for their kinsmen on the European mainland, for whose freedom they fought. It is a fashion in the island to eat off plates on which the king or queen of the Hellenes, or heroes of the war of independence, are printed. But during the Cretan revolution so many Samiotes went to join their fighting fellow Greeks that the Sultan sent a man-of-war to Vathy harbour. It was an awkward time for the prince; he feared that if his subjects assisted the Cretans too visibly, and the Cretans failed, an attempt might be made to place Samos once more under direct Turkish rule. So, amongst other orders of a like nature, he commanded all these plates to be broken. "But," said our host, off whose plates we were eating, "we only broke a few for show,

and put the rest into a cupboard until affairs were settled." Certainly there are plenty of royal plates in Samos now, and plenty of portraits of their Hellenic majesties on the walls, not to mention handkerchiefs by the dozen with stirring pictures thereon of Kot-sari, Diakos, and other celebrities of the revolution.

To the development of Samos there is naturally more wanting than good government. The lack of money is felt here, as it is in Greece proper, as a serious drawback to progress. Samos is full of minerals, but there is no local capital to open mines. Drainage would make the plain, once so fertile near the old town, again habitable. Nevertheless great activity is evinced by the handful of merchants who live at Tigani, on the ruins of the once famous Samos. This year they have opened out the old aqueduct which Herodotus mentioned as one of the wonders of Samos (*Herod. lib. iii. ch. lx.*), with a view to supplying the town with water. This is an excessively interesting object for the archaeologist, piercing, as it does, for two and a half miles the heart of the mountain behind the town, and showing thereby the engineering skill of the ancient Greek. It was lost till the spring of last year, when a priest named Cyril, from the monastery of the Holy Trinity, discovered its long-lost southern entrance whilst ploughing.

At the cost of 20,000 francs the Samiotes have now almost completed the restoration of the ancient channel, and the merchants of Tigani, excited in the possession of this boon, hope soon to restore the ancient prosperity of their town. They have dug up the ruins of an old temple, with which they are restoring the old mole—mentioned likewise by Herodotus as the second wonder of Samos, and they are clearing out their harbour; to do this they purpose putting a small tax on foreign merchant ships, which touch here for raisins, wine, and caryb-beans, but the consular agents live at Vathy, and are opposed

to having Tigani raised up as a rival harbour.

It is a pleasant walk across the once fertile plain to the third wonder of Samos—the ruined temple of Hera, of which but one tottering column is left standing. The plain is covered with remnants of the past, and the buried town and its environs would amply reward an archaeologist for the trouble of digging. Moreover in Samos the country is safe. It is not as it is at Ephesus, where the excavator has to be guarded by cavasses; here he can dig at his leisure, and could doubtless easily come to terms with the Samiote government for the transport of his treasures troven, which for some time past has been an object of difficulty in Greece, and is now in Turkey.

How glorious must have been a panegyris at the Herceon of Samos, when the temple in all its richness, before the marauding days of Marc Antony and other Vandals, received countless Greek pilgrims from the neighbouring islands and coasts!

Greek religious history is apt to repeat itself, for up on the hill slopes above the Herceon an annual Christian pilgrimage still takes place; 3,000 go there from Asia Minor and the neighbouring islands with their blind, their paralysed, and their lame. Miracles are on record, but the sceptical say the same people are kept to be cured year by year. Undoubtedly the monks are very rich, and they have chosen the spot for their monastery of the Holy Cross with judgment; it is out of the reach of pirates, and near enough to the Herceon to carry on the idea of a religious centre.

A parallel case is before us in the panegyris to the shrine of the Madonna of Tenos, called by the Greeks the Queen of Queens. It is a sort of panhellenic festival, whither twice a year from 25,000 to 30,000 pilgrims will assemble. Now Tenos is an island only a few miles from Delos, and the miraculous picture of the

Virgin was conveniently discovered just after the war of independence, when the idea of panhellenism was rife; so to the Cyclades, close to the ancient centre of Delos, flock Greek devotees from every corner of the Greek world at this very time.

Samiote shepherds are quaint, simple men, the back-bone of their country. You meet one; he says, *ὦρα καλὴ*, "good hour to you." Practice alone teaches the appropriate replies, *Πόλλα τὰ ἔτη*, "many years to you;" "well met." And never shall I forget the effect produced by a shepherd who related his adventures to us with a Nereid. There he sat in his skin cloak, his crook in his hand, his red fez jauntily placed on one side of his head, as he told us how one night a goat followed him all the way from Carlovassi to Pyrgos with a tinkling bell; at each village he came to the goat left him as he entered, to rejoin him on the other side. At length at a well near Pyrgos his mule stopped, and no power of his would urge him on. At the same time a bright light in the shape of a figure came out of the well; the goat ran off and was seen no more. Three days afterwards he was sick. "Surely," he added, with excitement, "there was no doubt about it; it was the *παρὰ γαίᾳ* (Virgin) herself who came as a Nereid to drive away some evil spirit that was following me."

The shepherd sits on the mountain side with his *σαπφύνα*, or bagpipe—a hideous enough instrument in a house, but exceedingly quaint amongst the wild hills. It consists of an inflated pig-skin, with a cow's-horn at one end with holes for the fingers and a hole to blow in. Then another pastoral instrument is the *συναύλιον*, a veritable pan-pipe, an Ionian instrument made out of a simple reed, with six holes for the fingers down one side and one for the thumb on the other. A small shepherd-boy played this for us with wonderful precision and taste, rambling on from one tune to another.

¶ As we approached the old capital after our sojourn in the mountains

traces of antiquity grew around us—a statue let in here and there, an inscription on a church tower, and so forth. At the village of Maurodei they still make a sort of ugly, quaintly coloured pottery, and ingenious cups which, if you fill them above a certain point, become entirely empty. This is all that is left of the once celebrated Samiote industry. We saw many specimens of plates let into houses and churches by way of mural decoration, and in some villages a few were still existing amongst the household crockery. When we reached the Chora, however, the old Turkish capital, we were at once steeped in antiquity: every house boasts of a treasure let into the walls—some statue, some carving, or some column which has come from the ancient town two miles distant; but the glory has departed from this southern side of the island, and is now centred in Vathy. The Chora still possesses a palace for the prince, and it may be gay when the parliament meets in its church.

Vathy, which takes its name from its deep (*βαθὺς*) harbour, must be the seat of government until better days dawn on Tigani, and they can restore the old harbour of Samos to its ancient value. Vathy is built in a basin surrounded by lofty hills; it reminds one of a Riviera town. There is the higher Vathy struggling up the hill-side, house above house; and there is the lower Vathy on the shore with a well-appointed quay, and the prince's square, substantial-looking palace in the middle. The lower Vathy has all been built since Turkish days, and a very flourishing little place it is, attesting more than anything else can do to the soundness of the new government.

Forty years have elapsed since Samos was definitely free, and this space of time has wrought a wonderful difference in the island. There are now schools in every village and paid masters, whereas thirty years ago there were only schools in the principal villages, and the masters in many

cases scarce able to live.¹ These schools are very tidy specimens indeed—well built, all of them, and adorned internally with maps, and mottoes all round the walls, such as "Success to the Principality, and freedom of Samos."

Every child is brought up by its parents and masters to revere the very word of freedom, and the prince has no power to infringe their hard-won liberties; for Greek though he is, he has lived at Constantinople all his life, and is a nominee of the Sultan, and might be tempted, as Greek hospodars of the Porte used to be, to gain credit to himself by infringing the liberties of those under them. The first princes of Samos tried to do this, but one day the Samiotes drove Prince Vogrides, his agents and his *caïmacan*, out of the island; and in 1850 the Sultan by a firman granted the complete liberty of self-government which is now enjoyed.

The prince lives at Vathy, and receives 12,500 piastres per annum; he has a steam yacht provided for him, and he has a very grand guard to

attend upon him, the facings of whose uniform are of gold, where that of the others is only red; he has a good house, and a large garden, divided from it by a street. He walks about the town with an easier step than most princes would do, for in point of fact he is only the Sultan's agent there, to see that the 300,000 piastres is paid regularly, and to see that the Samiotes don't quarrel amongst themselves, in which way his presence is beneficial, for they know that the least misconduct on their part would be at once reported, and made the most of at Constantinople.

As we steamed out of Vathy harbour I could not help wondering how long this rope of piastres would bind Samos to Turkey, and thinking that the coins would be better spent in converting mule tracks into roads than in swelling the coffers of the sick man. We touched at Chios again on our way to Smyrna, and the contrast was still more forcibly brought before us—we had left prosperity and peace, we saw around us ruin and desolation.

J. THEODORE BENT.

¹ M. Guérin's account of Samos, 1854.

FRANCIS GARNIER.

"At the beginning of the twentieth century," wrote M. Gabriel Charmes in a recent number of the *Revue des deux Mondes*, "Russia will count a hundred and twenty millions of inhabitants occupying boundless tracts in Europe and in Asia; about sixty millions of Germans supported by thirty millions of Austrians will rule the centre of Europe; a hundred and twenty millions of Anglo-Saxons, established in the finest portions of the globe, will spread over them their language, their manners, their civilisation. Is it possible that France only should renounce her glorious destinies? Is it possible that she should leave to Italy, overflowing with

youthful ambitions, or to Spain, in whom her old colonial genius seems to be reawakening, the task of representing the Latin races in the great struggle for the conquest of the world? Is it possible that, shut up within her narrowed frontiers, and satisfied with her mediocre fortune, she should put away from her all thought of expansion, all wish for influence beyond her own borders?"

It might be possible and desirable indeed, M. Charmes goes on to say, that France should take up this rôle of effacement abroad if the statement so often made were true that the French have no colonising aptitudes. But he maintains indignantly that it

is not true. At the end of the seventeenth century, he points out, France was in possession of Canada, Louisiana, St. Domingo, and important possessions in India. From that time forward her true part would have been to keep the peace in Europe, and to develop and extend her colonial empire. Had this been done she would be now where England is, a great colonial power with a future of indefinite and limitless extension before her. But alas! instead of the strait way leading to colonial supremacy, the French monarchy followed the broad way of European ambition, leading ultimately to defeat and disaster. Before Louis XIV. and Napoleon hovered the vision of a hegemony in Europe, of a sort of restored and revitalised Holy Roman Empire, and in the pursuit of this shadow every check and every defeat had to be paid for by the loss of some French possession beyond seas. Colony after colony was as it were dropped on the way; and every mistake in Europe avenged itself in Asia or America.

There came a time indeed, after 1815, when the nation awoke to realities, and when a policy of abstention in Europe became for the first time the ideal of French statesmanship. Withdrawal from European politics, expansion of French influence beyond seas,—here were the two formulas which, roughly speaking, governed French politics for some five-and-twenty years after Waterloo. Then with the reappearance of the Bonapartes came the reappearance of the old ambition to take the lead in Europe. Napoleon III. and his ministers guided France with "light hearts" through the Crimean War and the Italian campaigns to the irreparable disaster of Sedan, and to the loss of Alsace and Lorraine. Once more the nation, and with a deeper resolution, set itself to the task of "recueillement." Circumstances indeed made the name of M. Gambetta the rallying cry of French hatred of her

conquerors. But even supposing M. Gambetta to have cherished the views the Germans were never tired of imputing to him, circumstances of another kind, and the general tendency of public opinion, would have been too much for him. Since 1870 the aim of every politician of importance and responsibility has been increasingly one of abstention more or less complete from European politics. Directly the ambitions or the rivalries of French commerce, or the spirit of French military adventure, or even the legitimate wish of the country to assert its necessary place in Europe, has succeeded in dragging her a step or two along courses tending either to European difficulties or to perils abroad which might have hampered her action at home, the weight of public opinion has intervened. The current of the moment may indeed carry the vessel of the state towards some Canaan of commercial enterprise beyond seas, the conquest of which involves war or something like it; but the least check or discouragement, as in the case of Tunis, suffices to stem the national feeling. The leaders of the forward movement know that they lead it at their peril. There is a watchful jealousy awake in the great masses of the nation which will take alarm at the first glimpse of failure, and demand an angry account from the guides who have brought them into difficulties. And if this has been, at any rate till now, the general course of things in questions of colonial politics, in matters of European concern, the Republic has shown itself still more cautious. Dulcigno and Egypt are proofs of her determination to keep herself as far as it is possible for a European nation, out of European complications and difficulties.

Upon this state of things, say a certain French party of which M. Charmes may be regarded as a spokesman, the country in many ways is to be congratulated. It is not indeed desirable that she should efface herself so much as some of the Republican

sections seem to have resolved that she shall. M. Charmes, at any rate, thinks the policy which left England to cope singlehanded with Arabi a dangerous and mistaken policy. But in general the part of France for many years to come must be, as it was after 1815, a part of abstention and reserve in Europe. This abstention and reserve however must not be overdone. Above all, *it must be compensated by expansion abroad.* For to suppose, cries M. Charmes, with a host of other ardent spirits, that a nation like France can remain altogether stationary, that she can shut herself up in her narrow European frontiers, while Russia, England, and even Italy and Spain are spreading further and further over the inhabited globe, is an absurdity. It was in the years of abstention which followed Waterloo that Algeria was founded. And if the temper of the Republic after Sedan is one of greater timidity and hesitation than that of the Restoration or the Monarchy of July after Waterloo, so much the worse for the Republic. For all her home disasters, for all her forced caution in Europe, the only natural compensation for France is colonial advance. In this line only can the energy of the nation spend itself without provoking the hideous chances of European war, and only by pursuing this end can France preserve her self-respect, and keep alive the courage, the enterprise, and the honourable ambitions of her sons.

And as for the supposed disability of the French for colonisation, the French colonial party refuse altogether to believe in it. It is true, admits M. Charmes, that our population grows with exasperating slowness. But what of that? If we cannot have an Australia, there is nothing to prevent our maintaining an India if we can get it. We may have no emigrants pressing into the world's distant markets from an overcrowded mother country, but we have enormous capital lying idle, for which outlets must be found; we have ambitions for which

France provides no adequate career, and finally we have the necessity laid upon us of joining in that great race for the spread of European civilisation from which no European nation with any prescience of the future can afford to hold back.

Such in very rough outline are the ideas and aspirations which at the present moment are uppermost in some of the most patriotic and intelligent of Frenchmen. We English, on our side, in spite of our pride in our own colonial possessions and our determination to maintain them, have been very slow to sympathise with this growth of a French colonial temper. In the first place there is the natural jealousy of those who are in possession, and who have no wish to see the rise of formidable competitors in the centres of colonial commerce. In the next, in spite of French pride in that powerful system of administration which the Frenchman carries with him to the ends of the earth, we are inclined to believe that the French so far have not shown themselves successful colonists, that there is in them a certain lack of doggedness, of patience, of teachableness, which makes the French emigrant to Algeria, for instance, rush home to his native Berry or Gascony as soon as a little prosperity enables him to retire from what he never ceases to regard as a hateful exile, and which tends to hand over a French colony to the rule of an over-rigid bureaucracy unfit to feel for and content the needs of varying native populations. Again, there is in many of us, both as regards our own politics and those of our neighbours, a dread of the sort of meddlesome restlessness which has been too often the cause of what is called colonial advance in the past,—a sense of the need there is for every European nation to put the solution of those great social questions which fill the immediate future of European life in the front rank of her duties and interests. And lastly, there is the growth of that sensitiveness towards the rights of native

racés, which, broadly speaking, is a new feature in western thought, and which inclines us to regard the steady march of the European tide over the more backward portions of the earth with feelings in which scruples and misgivings unknown to the eighteenth century necessarily have a large share.

And yet, despite of all these more or less favourable influences upon our judgment, it is well that we should endeavour to see these French aspirations as they really are and to get at them in their highest and best form. What is it which is driving France forward now in Tong-King, now in Tunis, now in Madagascar? It is easy to criticise the intrigues, the financial schemes, the high-handedness which have characterised French action abroad a hundred times. One does not get at the root of the matter so. There are other things, we may well believe, in this determination to get fresh footholds for French enterprise than mere greed and restlessness. What is this "patriotism" and this "self-devotion" of which the pioneers and inspirers of the French colonising movement are believed by their countrymen to have so large a share? What kind of men are engaged in it, and what are their practical aims and strongest motives?

To these questions the career of an eminent French explorer in the far east of Asia—whose death ten years ago at the same spot where Commandant Rivière has lately fallen, under very similar circumstances, has been often in the memory of Frenchmen during the last few weeks—supplies a full and interesting answer. Francis Garnier spent his life and lost it in the cause of French expansion in the far East. To many people, indeed, to his foreign scientific friends, for instance, his first aspect was that of a man of science, of one of the most distinguished and accomplished of modern geographical explorers. And, undoubtedly, as he grew older the scientific side of his work grew upon him. "I belong really to science," he pro-

tested at the very moment when he was engaged in the politico-commercial enterprise which ended in his death. At the same time it is evident that all the principal undertakings of his life were dictated quite as much by an eager desire to further French interests and enlarge French boundaries in Eastern Asia as by the passion of the geographer. "Nations without colonies," he believed, "are dead, for they are hives which do not swarm." He was one of the most eager opponents of the project, for a time entertained by the authorities at home, of restoring French Cochinchina to Annam; and when the news reached him a year before his death of the decision of the French Government to undertake the exploration of the Tong-King river, he exclaims—"It is with a satisfaction mingled with pride that I look on at the reawakening of our ancient spirit of enterprise. For I have had a hand in it. Perhaps in these rich countries of the far east," he writes, at Shanghai, in 1873, "unlooked for compensations await us for our recent misfortunes.—After all the great crises of our history, an outward movement, fruitful in useful and glorious results, has shown itself in France. Let it be our task to evoke it again, our task to direct it; let us return to those colonising traditions which we have abandoned to a rival nation whose strength and riches they have made. Indo-China may become for us the equivalent of that Indian empire which a Dupleix would have given to France and which the feebleness of Louis XV.'s government irrevocably lost for us."

The guiding idea of Francis Garnier's later years was the discovery of a new commercial route between Southern China and Europe, which should both open up the rich inland provinces watered by the Yang-tse-Kiang and its affluents to European commerce, and make the French port of Saigon, to the south of the Cochinchina peninsula, the *entrepôt* between China and the west, rather than the

English ports of Shanghai and Hong-Kong, which have hitherto attracted and distributed the products of Chinese trade. One has only to glance at the history of this question of new commercial communications with Southern China to appreciate the fascination and the excitement of a problem, for the solution of which France and England, during the last fifteen years, have been running one long and eager race. The English, for almost a generation, have been making effort after effort to reach the fertile and densely populated slopes of South-Western China from India or from Burmah. The schemes of Major Sladen, and Captain Sprye, the tragic journey of Mr. Margary, the recent wanderings of Mr. Colquhoun, the establishment of an English consul at Yunnan, are all so many stages in the long struggle destined to carry England towards the coveted goal—the discovery of a new channel of communication between the workshops of Europe and the thickly-peopled valleys of the Celestial Empire, between the raw materials of a teeming and boundless soil and the skilled labour of nations who are the world's artificers. Two causes especially have tended to quicken and intensify English interest in this question of a new route. One is the building of the great Pacific railway across America, and the establishment, by its help, of a means of transport between China and the Old World, which is competing more and more closely with the older routes of commerce. The other has been the settlement of the French in the delta of the Cambodia river and the rise of French Cochin-China. At any time since 1860 the French and we have been exploring, planning, and intriguing, now in China, now in Siam, now in the very heart of the Indo-Chinese peninsula, and every eager pioneer on either side has felt his personal honour engaged in winning the game for his own country. It is a contest which recalls that old, old rivalry in the dawn of European civilisation, when Tyrian

and Greek fought for commercial supremacy on the mysterious western shores of the Mediterranean. The mastery of the world's economical future, cry the combatants of to-day, lies with the nation which shall discover how to bring the millions of Eastern Asia into one vast universal system of exchange. Such, in vaguer or narrower outline, may have been the dream of contending Greek and Phœnician merchants as each descried the other's sail spread for coasts peopled with the "shy traffickers" of the primitive western world. The contests of commerce have their poetry and their associations for those who will but let themselves be touched by them. In a sense, they underlie all history, and it is the merchant who has guided humanity. In the career of men like Francis Garnier at any rate, the struggle for new markets and new channels for wealth, so often a coarse and ignoble struggle, seems to put on a nobler air. All his rare energies and abilities were devoted for years to anticipating and checking English advance in Eastern Asia. And yet so touched with grandeur are the man's aims and actions that English sympathy for him, in those who become acquainted with him, will always be quick and ready. An English reader follows him along the interminable curves of the great river which waters the heart of the Indo-Chinese peninsula from the highlands of Yunnan to the French port of Saigon, or up the water-ways of Central China, or on the waters of the Tong-King stream, with an interest and admiration quite independent of the fact that if Francis Garnier's views are ever realised, in the opinion of French prophets at any rate, England is doomed to lose the preponderant position she has hitherto held in the extreme East.

Brought to Cochin China about 1860 by the chances of French naval life, Garnier, then a young lieutenant of one-and-twenty, distinguished himself in the infant colony by his very

great scientific and administrative gifts. His youthful patriotism was fired by the sight of that huge English dominion which has been reared in Asia by the efforts of a hundred years; while his practical sense showed him at the outset of his career what were the chief defects of the French colonial system, and suggested the best means for remedying them. At one moment he was revolving projects "for endowing France with a colonial Empire in the extreme East as vast and as flourishing as the English possessions in India"; at another he was crying out for all sorts of administrative reforms, directed each and all of them to the instruction and training of the French colonist, and to the breaking down of French ignorance of and contempt for those patient processes by which the settler on alien soil learns to know the conditions under which his work is to be carried on. The schemes of his youth, whether for the exploration of the Mekong, for the establishment of a Civil Service college at Saigon, or for the organisation of a proper system of student interpreters, and the like, are conceived in that scientific temper which is the best and characteristic product of our day. "In the East as elsewhere," he told his countrymen not long after the disasters of the Franco-German war, "labour — obstinate, indefatigable, desperate labour—is the first condition of the revival of our political influence and of our future regeneration," and it was in the spirit of these words that his own life was spent.

The project for the exploration of the Mekong led to the famous expedition by which his name will be permanently known, and which remains as one of the greatest achievements of modern geographical enterprise. In the year 1863, Garnier, then a youth of three-and-twenty, sketched a plan for exploring the huge river which, under the names of the Cambodia and the Mekong, runs through the whole length of the Indo-Chinese

peninsula, and which no European had then ever followed along its entire course. Garnier's object was no doubt in the first instance political. His mind seems to have been full of dreams of French expansion over the interior of the peninsula, when the desire to penetrate into the recesses of the mysterious and little known country, on the edge of which the French had founded their colony, first possessed him. His friends, at any rate, credited him all along with grandiose projects more in keeping with the travel of the sixteenth century than with that of the nineteenth, and we may explain perhaps by this strain in him of the political visionary both the enthusiasm and the dislike with which his actions and his schemes have been received at different times in France. The projected voyage, however, as soon as it began to take practical shape, turned upon very moderate and very scientific considerations. The great Cambodia river, of which Saigon and French Cochinchina occupy the delta, was in 1863 practically unknown beyond a point very little removed from the frontiers of the colony. Upon the inhabitants, the climate, the political relations of the states in the heart of the peninsula, the French government had only very vague and uncertain information, and yet it was of the greatest importance that it should be able to regulate its relations towards the empire of Annam on the east, and the kingdom of Siam on the west, by some real knowledge of the position, strength, and temper of the tribes of the interior. Again, there was the possibility of reaching Southern China by the help of the gigantic river whose sources no one knew, and in this great possibility, as every one concerned was aware, lay hidden a hundred others. "Beyond the frontiers of our colony," wrote Francis Garnier in 1873, "we knew nothing precisely and scientifically. Whence came this huge river? Was it from Tibet, or, as some Cambodian tradition

would have us believe, from a deep lake in the interior of the Laos? What regions did it water? To what populations did it afford an access? Might it not furnish a solution of the geographical problem, so eagerly discussed by the English in India, of a new commercial route between China and Hindostan? In presence of the immense labours and the incessant efforts of the English in the west of the peninsula, France could not remain inactive. She owed it to science, to civilisation, to her own interests to endeavour to penetrate the veil which had hung for so long over the centre of Indo-China."

Two years or more after Garnier had first launched his project, the necessary instructions and authorisation for a commission of exploration of the Mekong or Cambodia river arrived from home, and an exploring party of six persons was formed, with a distinguished naval officer, Captain Doudart de Lagrée, at the head of it, and Francis Garnier, then twenty-six, and still a lieutenant, as second in command. According to the official instructions, he was charged with the astronomical and meteorological observations of the voyage; he was to establish exactly the geographical position of the principal points touched, and to draw up a map of the route; he was to study the navigability of the river, to take soundings, to observe the different methods of navigation employed by the natives, and to compare the advantages, from the commercial route point of view, of the main stream and its principal affluents. Lieutenant Delaporte was the artist of the expedition, and his clever drawings fill the official album afterwards published. Two naval doctors, chosen for their scientific knowledge, were at once to watch over the health of the party, and to collect botanical and geological information; while M. Louis Carné, representing the French Foreign Office, was to fill the post of *littérateur* and general observer—a function which he seems to have filled

admirably, to judge from the brilliant papers on the voyage which he afterwards published in the *Revue des deux Mondes*. Thus it was to Garnier that the lion's share of the work of the expedition fell; it was he who, upon Captain Lagrée's death, and after his return to France, drew up the superb official report, which is one of the most interesting books of modern travel; and it is with his name that the whole famous voyage is naturally most closely connected.

Let us wander a little with this French exploring party into the depths of Indo-China. How little the European world knows about these remote regions of Eastern Asia! Colonel Yule, in a most interesting memorial article on Garnier, complains gently of the indifference with which the popular mind, so easily roused on some other geographical points, regards exploration or travel in these countries, which it ignorantly believes to have no history and no future. Twenty years ago M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire emphatically told his countrymen that with the exception, perhaps, of Burmah, the states of Indo-China had no claim to the attention of the historian; and a country supposed to be thus destitute of associations has been very long in gaining any hold upon the imagination of the West. The tide, indeed, began to turn in the very year in which M. Saint Hilaire delivered his dictum. Almost at the moment when the Parisian savant was thus complacently ruling out the claims of the Indo-Chinese peninsula upon the interest of mankind, a solitary French explorer, M. Mouhot, was wandering in rapturous astonishment amid a series of splendid ruins, left by a primitive civilisation in the heart of this vast and unknown region. The remains of the temple and town of Angkor, seen for the first time since the seventeenth century by European eyes, were vindicating in a startling way the right of these distant races to the most careful and respectful study at the hands of European

men of science; and to the commercial and colonial interest attaching to all countries as yet untouched by Western trade, there was thus added the charm and mystery of a heroic past. M. de Lagrée's expedition took up the historical and artistic problem of the Angkor ruins, and completed the enthusiastic descriptions of Mouhot by plans and drawings which may well thrill the most unimaginative with a vivid sense of the brotherhood of human genius in all times and countries. And to the attractions of the mysterious Khmer civilisation, of which they were not the discoverers, their journey of some 2,500 kilometres added others not less real and potent in which to clothe the dim idea of Indo-China. The great river itself, now spreading out into wide sheets of water, and now pouring the accumulations of far Thibetan and Chinese valleys through narrow and rocky channels with a frightful intensity and force; the virgin forests bordering the water-way, here the uncontested kingdom of an Eastern Pan, and there sheltering in their depths the temples and palaces and cities of races which have been and are not; the populations in the inland towns and villages suggesting ethnological problems connected with the earliest distribution of mankind; the connection between the civilisation of the peninsula and the civilisation of the great empire to the north, beside whose venerable age that of any European state is as nothing—over all these subjects and a hundred others one wanders in the records of the expedition, with a sense of interest and fascination which never flags. Here we can only touch upon them in a very general and cursory way. But at least we may take from the official report and from the articles of M. Garnier a few passages here and there which may give some idea of the kind of field which lies before the French in Indo-China, and of the races who will be affected by their presence there.

The ruins of Angkor have now been described and drawn by English travellers and architects as well as French. But they have still to be brought home to our popular sense as the representatives of what is probably the third great architecture of the world in order of merit. Travelling along the shores of a lake which forms a western arm of the Cambodia river, and which is within a comparatively easy distance of the sea and of the spot where the French have placed their colony of Saigon, the Frenchman M. Mouhot, then in the service of England, came unexpectedly upon a group of extraordinary buildings. "Suddenly, and as though by enchantment, one is transported from barbarism to civilisation, from darkness to light. Beyond a great open space cleared in the forest rises an immense colonnade surmounted by an arched roof and crowned by five high towers. The largest marks the entrance, the four others are placed at the angles of the building, but all are pierced underneath like triumphal arches. On the deep blue of the sky, on the intense green of the forest, these grand lines of an architecture at once light and majestic seemed to me at first to mark the gigantic tomb of a whole perished race. Imagine all that architectural art has ever accomplished of stately or beautiful transported into the depths of these forests, into one of the most remote countries of the globe, savage, unknown, deserted, where at every step one finds the traces of wild beasts, and where one hears nothing but the roaring of the tiger, the harsh cry of the elephant, or the stag's note of alarm!"

Such was the first cry of European enthusiasm in the presence of these strangest and most romantic of ruins. The language of the scientific expedition of five years later is scarcely less strong. "The Khmer architecture," says the official report for which Garnier and Lagrée were jointly responsible, "is one of the most original and powerful which exists. The harmony

of the general effect, the elegance of the ornament, the clear distribution of the parts, recalls to one involuntarily certain characteristics of Greek classical art. There is but one order, it is true; and almost everywhere the round column is replaced by the square pillar; but the proportions of the inter-columnar spaces, the pure and rich decoration of the capitals and bases, the delicacy of the arabesques which cover the pillars and the walls, have all been inspired by the most admirable taste. The monuments are immense, but there is nothing laboured, no betrayal of effort about them. Here is nothing to remind us of the huge piles of Egyptian architecture, or of those gigantic monoliths which only claim our astonishment, and demanded nothing more than a sufficient number of human arms to rear them into place. Here force is hidden under grace, and in spite of the dimensions of the buildings, their grandeur does not weary us. And if from these grand and noble peristyles, these simple and imposing galleries which run round the monument, one looks up towards the arched roofs which cover them, towards the huge graduated towers which crown the gates and sanctuaries; if, after having admired the infinite trelliswork of leaves and flowers with which the stone is covered, the eye travels upward to the threatening crowd of monsters drawn from the Hindoo mythology, to all these representations of praying saints and angels, to these fretted and corniced surfaces, a western spectator feels himself transported into his own Middle Ages. There are the wide-mouthed dragons, sharp-clawed and diabolical; there are the kneeling figures with their naive expression, to which our cathedrals have accustomed us. It is this double inspiration by which Cambodian art is linked on the one side to that of Greece, and on the other to that of Christian Europe, which seems to give it a place immediately after the two great architectures of the west."

The nearer to the central sanctuary, continues the report, the richer is the decoration. "Every side of every pillar in the doorway of the central tower is a separate poem in stone. Each design seems to have been the work of one artist, and every here and there is a stone left half finished, as if the designer had died in the midst of his labours and none had been found worthy to succeed him." About three kilometers from this wonderful temple are the ruins of a city in what seems to be a rather ruder and more barbarous style, but still in their strange and grandiose ornament, their sculptured elephants and lions, their rows of stone giants, and *bizarre* wealth of towers, bearing witness to the fantastic genius of a skilled and powerful race. Who were these Khmers? And to what date do these monuments belong? Only doubtful answers can be given as yet, until the inscriptions of Angkor have been fully deciphered. But the religion to which they were dedicated was Brahminical, not Buddhist like that of the modern races of the peninsula, and like the Pali elements in the various kindred languages of the interior, they seem to point to a direct wave of Indian influence, and to an infusion of Aryan elements into a non-Aryan stock. In the sixteenth century Angkor was still famous and flourishing, but the date of its wonderful birth-year is hidden in the mists of the past.

So much for the traces of a remote antiquity on the soil of Indo-China. Garnier and his companions were fascinated by them, but they were, after all, more vitally concerned with the river they were exploring and the modern states through which they passed. Alas! for the hopes of a water-way to Southern China. Only a short distance from the frontier of the protected kingdom of Cambodia, the Mekong, they discovered, becomes wholly unmanageable for purposes of commerce. Crouching in native boats, specially constructed to face the rapids, they crept along the banks of innumerable islands, afraid even to

venture out a few yards into the current lest they should be dashed upon the rocks. Every now and then, above some roaring stretch of cataract and rapid, the capricious stream would spread itself into calm, majestic reaches, as though to flatter the hopes of those who would tame and use it, and then again its bed would narrow to a rocky trough, through which a yellow tempestuous current boiled with a frightful vehemence in which no boat could possibly have lived. As for the Laotians or Shans, a people akin both to the Siamese and the Cambodians, who fill the valley of the Mekong, the exploring party found them as a whole friendly and helpful, and it was not till they neared the frontier of China that they experienced any serious difficulties or hardships.

It was the first time in history that a party of European travellers had entered China from the south. The Chinese were astonished and bewildered by the experiment, and inclined suspiciously to connect the appearance of the foreigners with the Mohammedan rebellion then raging in Yunnan. However, the passports from Peking proved powerful enough, and though narassed in various ways, they were not seriously molested. It was at this moment in the expedition that a reconnaissance made by Garnier to the east of the Mekong revealed to his quick geographical sense the existence of a new route between Yun-nan and the coasts of Indo-China in the opening up of which the French have ever since been more or less eagerly engaged. This was the route of the Tong-King or Song-Koi river which runs in a south-easterly direction through the province of Yun-nan and the ancient kingdom of Tong-king, now a part of the Annamite empire, and falls into the sea below the town of Hanoi. In the race for the possession of this new commercial highway, Francis Garnier and Commandant Rivière were both to meet their doom at the same spot and at the hands of the same enemies. But no prescience of a disastrous

future damped the joy with which in 1868 the little travel-worn company hailed a discovery which promised to repay France for all the waywardness of the Mekong, and to open a short and easy access from the coast of Cochin-China into the heart of the richest and most fertile portions of the celestial empire.

It was in Yun-nan that Captain La grée died, worn out by the hardships of the voyage. Francis Garnier was absent at the moment on a daring expedition to Ta-ly, the headquarters of the Mohammedan rebellion, a perilous neighbourhood from which he only succeeded with great difficulty in rescuing himself and his companions. On his return he took the command of the commission, and the travellers made their way at last down the Yang-tse Kiang to Shanghai, and thence to Saigon, after a journey which had lasted two years and some months.

It was not long before the principal members of the commission found their way back to Paris, and the exploration of the Mekong was soon recognised by the large public interested in such performances, as one of the greatest geographical events of the century. Garnier received the highest honours which the French and English geographical societies could bestow, and was made officer of the Legion of Honour. In the first flush of fame and acknowledged success, he was just settling down to the composition of the official report of the voyage when the war broke out. He took an active part as a naval officer in the defence of Paris, and lost his chance of promotion afterwards by a characteristically outspoken protest against the policy which had dictated the capitulation of the city. His was a fiery and impetuous spirit, unaccustomed to defeat, and the collapse of the French defence affected him deeply. A letter which Colonel Yule publishes shows how bitter and personal was his sense of humiliation under the triumph of Germany. To pass from dreams of adding an India to the French crown, to the iron

realities of Sedan, and the treaty which dismembered France, was hard indeed! No wonder that he threw himself with redoubled energy into the memories of the great expedition in which he seemed to have buried so much youth and hope, or that as soon as an opportunity offered he should betake himself once more to the seas and ports in which he was most at home.

The object of his journey to Central China in 1872, described in the fragmentary book published last year under the title *From Paris to Tibet*, was primarily scientific. His mind was possessed with the still unexplained problem of the river-system of Eastern Asia, and the exploration of the Mekong had only whetted, without satisfying his curiosity. From the south-eastern corner of the great mountainous tableland of Tibet flow all the principal rivers of China and Indo-China, and one of the most famous rivers of India, the Brahmapootra. The upper waters and the sources of these rivers are still almost unexplored, and it was Garnier's dearest wish to reach Tibet from China, a feat never yet accomplished by a European, and to puzzle out the mystery on the spot. While he was waiting for the reluctant consent of the Peking authorities, he undertook a tour in Central China over ground much of which had never been traversed before by a European, and on his return he found waiting for him at Shanghai a letter from the Governor of Saigon which was nothing more nor less, little as either suspected it, than a summons to a violent and premature death.

The extraordinary French expedition of 1873 to the Tong-King river, Garnier's capture of Hanoi and of six adjacent provinces, with two gunboats and a force of 200 men, his administration of the conquered territory for a month, and the attack in which he fell, are events which have been variously judged even in France. The attempt failed, and Garnier paid the

penalty of every unsuccessful pioneer in the denunciations of his "rashness" and "high-handedness" which were rife in Paris afterwards, side by side with much eager admiration of his exploit, and a wide and genuine regret for his early death. The fact is, however, that Garnier had nothing to do with planning the expedition originally. That was the work of Admiral Dupré, the Governor of Saigon, who had got himself into great difficulties between a troublesome French traveller and commercial agent, M. Dupuis, the Annamite authorities and some Chinese auxiliaries who were helping M. Dupuis to maintain a position he had taken up on the Tong-King river in defiance of Annam and all her powers. It seemed to Admiral Dupré that the moment had come for France to strike in as a mediator between M. Dupuis and Annam, with the object of making Annam pay for M. Dupuis's expulsion by the formal opening to commerce of the Tong-King river. And Francis Garnier occurred to him as by far the most likely instrument to carry out his plan. Accordingly he was summoned from Shanghai and entrusted with the commission.

He made his way up the Tong-King river with his small force to Hanoi. The Annamites suspecting the secret intentions of the new comers, and having no mind to open the river to Europeans, demanded the expulsion of M. Dupuis, and the subsequent withdrawal of the French. Garnier refused, and presented a commercial convention for the signature of the Annamite Government as a condition of M. Dupuis's retirement. The government temporised, and meanwhile the Annamite governor of Hanoi showed threatening dispositions towards the Frenchmen, who were lodged in a deserted fort near the town. Garnier then resolved on a *coup de main*, which reads more like an exploit of Cortes or Pizarro than an incident of modern war. "*Alea jacta est!*" he writes to his brother, "which is as much as to say the orders are given.

To-morrow at dawn I with 180 men attack 7,000 men behind walls. If this letter reaches you without signature or addition it will be because I have been killed or seriously wounded. In such a case I commend to you Claire" (his wife, by birth an Englishwoman) "and my daughter."

The attack succeeded, and Garnier was able calmly to announce in a scientific letter to Colonel Yule that he was the master of Hanoi and the neighbouring provinces, and about to declare the Tong-King open to European commerce. "Here I am with a province of two million souls on my back," he wrote to a naval friend at Saigon. "Do not say to me like Sganarelle 'Put it down,' but come and help me. I am entreating the admiral to send you.—Tell Philastre that I have done nothing wrong, and that I was as patient with the Annamites as possible. Either they should not have sent me or I could have done nothing else but what I have done."

The days flew on, and on the 21st of December, when French hopes were at their highest, a body of Chinese pirates, the Black Flags who infest the coasts of Annam, bore down upon Hanoi, summoned no doubt by the despairing Annamites, and attacked the citadel in which Garnier was posted. Their attack was repulsed, and Garnier made a *sortie* in pursuit. He was drawn into an ambushade, his foot slipped on the uneven ground, and he fell pierced by many lances. His companions regained the citadel with difficulty, and the French force maintained itself on the defensive, while in all the districts round the tide was turning in favour of Annam, and while at home the evacuation of the place and practical abandonment of the French pretensions was being hurriedly decided upon.

It is a strange story, and the repetition of some of its incidents in the

recent disaster, which has cost the French the life of Commandant Rivière, gives it a double interest. As far as Garnier is concerned, one's feeling cannot but be one of pure loss and regret. He sacrificed, in a doubtful cause, a life which was rich in every promise of fruitful and honourable service to his country. As a politician he was often rash and fanciful; as a man of science he would probably have achieved one of the greatest reputations of the century. Two of his latest utterances strike one with a sense of pathos which leaves a sting in the memory.

"For the moment," he writes to Colonel Yule from the citadel which was to be his grave, "they ask of me to be a man of action. *I am not allowed to be a student*, though for some years past my tastes have been carrying me more and more towards things purely scientific."

The second is dated from Shanghai, just before he started for Saigon in obedience to Admiral Dupré's summons.

"The Government of India has just let me know that I have only to express the wish and they will put at my command all the resources of which they can dispose. The success of my Tibetan enterprise interests them to the highest degree. What a pity I am not English! Then I should be an honoured and powerful man.—I feel that if I am supported Indo-China is French; but in France, alas! I am nothing but an adventurer."

Does not this last passage read like sinister motto for this French colonial movement of which we are hearing so much? Such a career as that of Francis Garnier tends to show that there is something forced and out of joint about it. The nation is not behind it, and gifts like Garnier's seem to make no way, and to lose themselves in a more or less aimless struggle.

M. A. W.

ON SOME RECENT THEATRICAL CRITICISMS.

OUR actors have been very eloquent of late upon the subject of their art, both with voice and pen. Perhaps naturally, they have for the most part preferred to deal with it rather from what one may call the romantic point of view than the practical, though, remembering Mr. Boucicault's amusing lecture at the Lyceum last year, one cannot say that the latter has been altogether ignored. And either point, practical or romantic, presents such "easy access to the hearer's grace" as the hearer either by temperament or by fancy is disposed! As much benefit, says Gibbon, may be derived from opposition as from agreement in ideas. Certainly, there has been no lack of opposition in the various ideas that have been put about within the last year or two on this attractive subject, and the benefit we have all derived has no doubt been correspondingly great. The representatives of both schools have had a fair hearing, the representatives of the old school and the new; the one grounding its faith on the theory of heaven-born inspiration, the incommunicable spark of genius native and untrammelled; the other holding that, without a sufficient mixture of earthly training, the heavenly flight is not unlikely to end in the fate of Icarus, the fate

"Of the soil'd glory and the trailing wing."

Though it is always interesting to hear what a man has to say of a profession to which he has devoted the best years of his life, it is perhaps a question whether actors are always the best critics of their own art. Very amusing ones they often are, but not as a rule, I think, the surest or the most impartial. And after all, it is only natural that this should be so. In the first place, acting, alone of all the arts, has

no clearly defined and recognised rules; in the second, it is less the art than the artist that we admire and applaud. The poet, the painter, the sculptor, the musician—it is their work that attracts and charms us; but of themselves—the workmen, often we know little or nothing, save their names as title-page or catalogue may have preserved them. But with the actor, the man himself, the individual is all in all;

"He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all."

"Such," says Lamb, "is the instantaneous nature of the impressions which we take in at the eye and ear at a playhouse, compared with the slow apprehension oftentimes of the understanding in reading, that we are apt not only to sink the play-writer in the consideration which we pay to the actor, but even to identify in our minds, in a perverse manner, the actor with the character he represents. It is difficult for a frequent playgoer to disembarass the idea of Hamlet from the person and voice of Mr. Kemble. We speak of Lady Macbeth, while we are in reality thinking of Mrs. Siddons." While, then, that disturbing element of personality enters so largely into his art, and forms, with his admirers at any rate, so large a part of his attraction, it must be a little difficult for the actor to keep his head quite cool when he comes forward himself to play the critic. Again, no less an authority than Garrick has told us that "the greatest strokes of genius have been unknown to the actor himself, till circumstances, the warmth of the scene, has sprung the mine, as it were, as much to his surprise as to that of his audience." If this be so, clearly the actor would have a hard task who should attempt critically to

examine or explain an art which depended "for its greatest strokes of genius" on the inspiration of the moment. It might be added, too, that the actor who essays to play the critic's part while riding on the full tide of theatrical success, must necessarily concern himself mainly, if not wholly, with that particular and individual aspect of his art on which his own eyes are fixed. Now there are, I think, very few of us, whatever may be our line of business, who can claim to be quite sure and impartial critics of our own work.

No doubt some actors have left behind them important as well as amusing contributions to the study of their art. Colley Cibber, we all know, whatever his failings may have been, was an excellent critic of acting. So, too, according to Sir Walter Scott, was John Kemble; and Macready's diaries and letters are full of sensible and thoughtful remarks on the profession which he did so much to strengthen and adorn. As a rule, however, it will, I think, be generally found that all such criticisms were the after-math of study and experience, reaped when the glow and stir of active work was over, and when the evening of life gave leisure to separate fact from fancy, to contrast the promise of morning with the actual performance of noon. It is for this reason that Mrs. Frances Kemble's criticism seems to me to have so much value, the criticism, I mean, contained in the prefatory chapter to her recently published *Notes upon some of Shakespeare's Plays*. With the notes themselves we need not be at present concerned; but that chapter in which she treats of the spirit, the right understanding of his true relation to the poet with which the actor should approach the interpretation of Shakespeare's work—and particularly, perhaps, now when such extravagant theories are abroad, her remarks on the actor's proper place and importance in the intellectual community, seem to me worthy of our most earnest regard.

Others, I know, apparently annoyed by her view of the present condition of our stage,¹ which, let it be allowed, is not that of an enthusiast, have objected that Mrs. Kemble is no longer actively concerned with the art she criticises. As I have already said, this seems to me the particular condition which makes so strongly for her criticism.

"He who has watched, not shared the fight,
Knows how the day has gone."

Among, but not of, us she stands, a solitary and interesting figure, leaning, from the silence of the past, an equal ear to the "exulting thunder" of the present. Its triumphs and its failures are alike impersonal to her. Amid the noise of contending factions, the charge and counter-charge of rival theorists, she can still keep a steadfast head, and a judgment, touched a little, it may be, with memories unknown to us, but yet unswayed by individual interest, undimmed by individual caprice. The comparisons we so vainly strive to draw between ourselves and our fathers are possible to her; and though it would be expecting too much of poor human nature to ask her to find in them all the inferiority of the latter that we are so pleased to discover, it is less in actual performance than in conception and method, that, if I read her words aright, she finds inadequacy in the former.

Mrs. Kemble has been reproached with disparaging the actor's art. "That a Kemble," complains the writer of a recent article in the *Quarterly Review*—"that a Kemble should disparage the actor's art is

¹ An attempt has also been made to disparage the value of Mrs. Kemble's criticism by reminding us that they are in effect no more than a reprint of a paper contributed to the *Cornhill Magazine* some twenty years ago. Be it so; for my part I see no objection. They are as applicable now as then; in some respects, even more so; for if our theatre then was less serious in its designs and less fortunate than now, it also took far less upon itself than, in some quarters at any rate, it now does.

indeed strange." And yet this is what she finds to say of it:—

"It requires in its professors the imagination of the poet, the ear of the musician, the eye of the painter and sculptor, and over and above these, a faculty peculiar to itself, inasmuch as the actor personally fulfils and embodies his conception; his own voice is his cunningly modulated instrument; his own face the canvas whereon he portrays the various expressions of his passion; his own frame the mould in which he casts the images of beauty and majesty that fill his brain; and whereas the painter and sculptor may select, of all possible attitudes, occupations, and expressions, the most favourable to the beautiful effect they desire to produce and fix, and bid it so remain fixed for ever, the actor must live and move through a temporary existence of poetry and passion, and preserve throughout its duration, that ideal grace and dignity, of which the canvas and the marble give but a silent and motionless image."

True, she finds this also:—

"And yet it is an art that requires no study worthy of the name: it creates nothing—it perpetuates nothing; to its professors, whose personal qualifications form half their merit, is justly given the meed of personal admiration, and the reward of contemporaneous popularity is well bestowed on those whose labour consists in exciting momentary emotion. Their most persevering and successful efforts can only benefit, by a passionate pleasure of at most a few years' duration, the play-going public of their own immediate day."

No doubt, such words as these are not quite so satisfying to some minds as would be Campbell's glorification of Mrs. Kemble's famous uncle, for example, to which, indeed, when taken without their qualification, they bear no slight resemblance¹; or as it would be

¹ Campbell has, perhaps, rather faded from the memories of the present generation, and it may not be amiss to quote his lines; they were written for a public meeting, held in June, 1817, on the occasion of Kemble's retirement from the stage:—

"His was the spell o'er hearts
Which only acting lends,—
The youngest of the sister Arts,
Where all their beauty blends:
For ill can Poetry express
Full many a tone of thought sublime,
And Painting, mute and motionless,
Steals but a glance of time.
But by the mighty actor brought,
Illusion's perfect triumphs come,—
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And Sculpture to be dumb."

to hear that "it is acting chiefly that can open to others the means of illuminating the world"; or as to be told that the great demand for acting editions of his plays is a proof how much the stage has done with the present generation to keep alive the study of Shakespeare. Yet, if this be disparagement, what, in the name of common sense, must be praise!

The desire for praise is itself a laudable desire, but the praise desired should be "in due measure and discreet." When it takes such a form as—

"Shakespeare and Garrick like twin stars
shall shine,
And earth irradiate with a beam divine,"²

it is only natural that some one should retaliate with Goethe's well-known saying that Shakespeare is not truly a theatre-poet at all—"he never thought of the stage; it was far too narrow for his great mind." One must not, of course, take this saying quite literally. Indeed, Goethe has himself qualified it by adding that the poet's age and the existing conditions of the theatre did not make the same demands upon him that have hampered subsequent writers. Had he been writing for the court of Madrid, like Calderon, or for the theatre of Lewis XIV., like Molière, "he would probably have adapted himself to a severer theatrical form." Then he concludes: "This is by no means to be regretted, for what Shakespeare has lost as a theatrical poet, he has gained as a poet in general."

But, we are told, Goethe cannot "on any intelligible law of evidence be set up as a supreme judge of the dramatic exposition of a poet whose greatest interpreters he never saw"³ a disqualification which is at least shared by those of the present generation who think differently from Goethe. Coleridge, we are reminded, "was in a much better position than Goethe to

² "Shakespeare on the Stage and in the Study," by Henry Irving. *Good Words*, January, 1833.

speak judicially, and he said that seeing Edmund Kean act was 'like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning.' True, he did say so; but he said something else as well; he said, "his rapid descents from the hyper-tragic to the infra-colloquial" (the rapid rise and fall, that is, that gave the idea of the lightning flash), "though sometimes productive of great effect, are often unreasonable." When Coleridge's well-known words are thus read with their context, which they never, or hardly ever, are, their true significance is plain enough; especially when we add to them the next sentence, "I do not think him thorough-bred gentleman enough to play Othello." Coleridge did not, that is to say, find in Kean that *distinction* which a famous critic of our own day has found in Mr. Irving; though, of course, the distinction of a Benedict is a very different thing from the distinction of an Othello, as the distinction of a D'Orsay would be from the distinction of a Byron, the distinction of a Chesterfield from the distinction of a Swift. However, as we are to deal only with the eye-witnesses of these great interpreters, we will not stop at Coleridge. Let us take another; let us take Charles Lamb, surely the last of men to disparage the actor's work. "It may seem a paradox," he says, "but I cannot help being of opinion that the plays of Shakespeare are less calculated for performance on a stage than those of almost any other dramatist whatever. Their distinguishing excellence is a reason why they should be so. There is so much in them which comes not under the province of acting, with which eye and tone and gesture have nothing to do." Again, let us take Hazlitt, another eye-witness, and a very acute and appreciative critic of theatrical work. "The representing," he says, "the very finest of them [Shakespeare's plays] on the stage, is, we apprehend, an abuse of the genius of the poet; and even in those of a second-rate class, the quantity of sentiment and imagery

greatly outweighs the immediate impression of the situation and the story. . . . It is only the *pantomime* part of tragedy, the exhibition of immediate and physical distress, that which gives the greatest opportunity for 'inexpressible dumb show and noise,' which is sure to tell, and tell completely on the stage. All the rest, all that appeals to our profounder feelings, to reflection and imagination—all that affects us most deeply in our closets, and, in fact, constitutes the glory of Shakespeare—is little else than an interruption and a drag on the business of the stage. . . . We do not mean to say that there is less knowledge or display of mere stage effect in Shakespeare than in other writers, but that there is much greater knowledge and display of other things, which divide the attention with it, and to which it is not possible to give an equal force in the representation." Perhaps it would have been as well for the advocates of the theatrical Shakespeare to have remained content with the judgment of Goethe, to have been less solicitous for more "judicial" evidence. "What hast thou done unto me? I took thee to curse mine enemies, and behold thou has blessed them altogether!"

To put the poet above the actor, to maintain that a Shakespeare is "still better than our very best" Garrick, in no way, as some seem to think, entails any depreciation of the latter. We have seen that the great critics who lived and wrote in the days of the "greatest interpreters" of the Shakesperian drama would have none of the twinship claimed for the actor by Garrick's panegyrist, while at the same time delighting to give the latter in full measure all the praise that was rightly his. And Goethe, how fond he was of the theatre and all its works, surely every one must know, though 'tis true he never let his fondness run away with his judgment, as indeed was not his wont in any matter. Yet, as he seems in certain quarters to be looked upon

with suspicion as a witness in this case, we will see what he has to say on it elsewhere. "Any one," so runs his testimony, "who is sufficiently young, and who is not quite spoiled, could not easily find any place that would suit him so well as a theatre. No one asks you any questions; you need not open your mouth unless you choose; on the contrary, you sit quite at your ease like a king, letting everything pass before you, and recreating your mind and senses to your heart's content. There is poetry, there is painting, there are singing and music, there is acting—and what not besides. When all these arts, and the charm of youth and beauty heightened to an important degree, work in concert on the same evening, it is a bouquet with which no other can compare. But even when part is bad and part is good, it is still better than looking out of a window, or playing a game at whist in a close room amid the smoke of cigars." There is not much depreciation about this; on the contrary, here is true praise, "in due measure and discreet," not unduly exalting the actor's part in the theatrical entertainment, but giving it its proper place, one, the most important no doubt, but still one among many factors which go to make up the sum of our enjoyment in a theatre—though what Goethe would have said to the introduction of tobacco, which plays so important a part in the modern drama, I do not know.

These extravagant claims for consideration, arise in part from a personal sentiment, which, if a little unreasonable, is, no doubt, in the circumstances natural enough; one, at any rate, it can be scarcely worth while to take very seriously. Indeed, the best way to deal with this part of the question is to remind the claimants of Lamb's saying, that he never found Tom Davis, the bookseller—the same Davis who had, as Churchill tells us, "a very pretty wife"—who is recorded to have recited the *Paradise*

Lost better than any man in England in his day, "was therefore, by his intimate friends, set upon a level with Milton." But in their most important aspect they arise mainly out of that confusion between the *dramatic* and the *theatrical*, which, as Mrs. Kemble has reminded us, has always been popular among English people, and has certainly lost none of its popularity to-day. It is hardly possible now to take up any writing on theatrical subjects without finding this confusion seven times confounded; and while [this is so, so long will those subjects be treated as they are now, with sympathy often, with learning, with eloquence, but never quite with that clear view and right perspective which are necessary to make those other qualities truly formative—are especially necessary, if I may say so, when dealing with a subject in the consideration of which sympathy, and even sentiment, is a little apt to take too large a share.

We are frequently reminded by the advocates of the theatre, the theatre, and nothing but the theatre, how Voltaire has placed on record his amazement at the pathos of one of his own scenes, as revealed to him by the voice of the great French actor, Le Kain. The real point at issue could not possibly be put within a clearer or more simple compass. The whole difference lies between the qualities of such a poet as Voltaire and the qualities of such a poet as Shakespeare—between the poet who wrote with his eye fixed upon the theatre, and the poet who wrote with his eye fixed upon the whole world of human nature. And those who cannot see that this is the real question, and cannot see the inevitable answer to it, must perforce be suffered to continue asserting in perfect satisfaction to the end of their lives that "Shakespeare belongs to the stage for ever, and his glories must always inalienably belong to it." Shakespeare!—whom to represent upon the stage at all it is necessary to play all manner of trans-

formation tricks with, to pare down, as it were, those godlike proportions till they can be brought within the cribbed and cabined compass of the scene! And this, not only in our own time, but always, has been so. Mr. Swinburne, in his eloquent study of Shakespeare—the study of a great poet by a poet who is also a great critic, when he chooses—Mr. Swinburne has reminded us, who are, perhaps, a little apt to forget that fact, that it was so in the days when Hemings and Condell ruled the poet's own stage;¹ it was so, we know, in the days of Garrick, and the Kembles, and Kean; it is so now. Let it be granted that, as fashion now rules the stage, time, to mention no other cause, would not allow of *Hamlet*, or of any of the plays, being acted to the very letter; let it be granted that alterations are not only inevitable, but that those our present authorities have prescribed are as little arbitrary and disfiguring as may be. Still, they exist, and are what they are. And yet in this transformed, this maimed, disfigured Shakespeare, who, compared to the reality, is, to use his own Falstaff's words, "as a man made after supper of a cheese-paring," are we bidden to believe the true greatness of the poet only may be discovered!—are we bidden to recognise the only true means of "illuminating the world!" Surely the flight of unreason can soar no higher pitch.

Neither Hazlitt, nor Lamb, nor Goethe, nor any just and clear-headed critic, has ever meant to ban the representation of Shakespeare's plays upon the stage, or to detract one iota from the praise which is the actor's due who excels in such representations.

¹ He has reminded us that the actors threw out all the poet's additions to the first version of *Hamlet*, additions which have "impaired its fitness for the stage, and increased its value for the closet in exact and perfect proportion"—a fact which seems rather to discount the *Quarterly Reviewer's* assertion that, "of one thing we may be sure—the men who wrote for those theatres were careful not to write over the heads of their public."

It is the highest reach of his art, and he who is greater when dealing with the characters of Shakespeare than when dealing with the characters of any other writer, must always be the greatest actor. A clever French writer, who knows the English language well, and who has made Shakespeare his especial study,² has put the case very well. He had been to see a representation of *Macbeth*, as arranged by M. Lacroix, with certain omissions and alterations, which his knowledge of the original allowed him to admit were very skilfully and intelligently made. Yet he found that the performance, good as it was, afflicted him, and others too—no less admirers of the poet's work—with a certain sense of not altogether agreeable surprise, and even of weariness. He has asked himself why this was so, and has found himself obliged to answer that "Shakespeare is too great a poet not to lose much in the theatre." "When you read Shakespeare," he says, "he is the greatest of poets; when you see his work acted, he is only the first of playwrights. True, the effect is very powerful; so powerful that you forget for the moment the beauty of the language, the prodigious depth and range of the characters, you see only strange and terrible deeds. . . . The tramp of feet, the clash of arms, the tolling of bells, all tend to diminish the beauty of the words, to dull the colour of the imagery." Yet he would by no means forbid his plays being acted. On the contrary. "It is right," he says, "that Shakespeare's plays should be acted, but on this condition, that it is clearly understood beforehand, what he loses by it, and how inferior in value even is what is left. When one truly knows the great poet, when by reading his works one has gone through all

² M. Émile Montégut, in his *Essais sur la Littérature Anglaise*, Paris, 1883. M. Montégut has translated all Shakespeare's works, and his translation has received the honour of the Academy's award, and the scarce less significant honour of M. Edmond Schérer's praise.

the poetic and philosophical feelings of the imagination, then it is interesting, and after all right that one should wish to learn what are the purely physical emotions the acted scene can give. But those who know the poet only in the theatre, carry away with them the most false and narrow idea of his work, for they carry away with them, let me say again, the idea not of the greatest of poets, but of the greatest of play-writers." It is surely as the greatest of poets rather than as the greatest of play-writers that Shakespeare has won his sovereignty; it is surely as such that his countrymen, even as do the great minds of other countries, would wish to do him honour.

To all who will take the trouble to think seriously for a moment on the subject all this can be little more than a truism. But it is precisely because so many people seem to-day to find their account in not thinking seriously, precisely because the state of mind which allowed that desperate couplet in Garrick's epitaph on the walls of Westminster Abbey, seems to be coming into vogue again to-day, that the truth, however much of a truism it may be, cannot but be worth re-

peating. The mischief done, by those who should know better than to foster this unhealthy mental condition, to the theatre they are so anxious to glorify is twofold. It is inevitable, on the one hand, that the material with which the actor has to work should deteriorate when its producers discover that it has practically no place in the theatrical scheme, but, good or bad, is regarded merely as the appanage of the actor, the platform merely, or the frame for his figure. It is inevitable, too, that the actor himself should suffer. Proportion is the great medicine of humanity; and he who is always living out of proportion may hardly hope for a long or vigorous life. And therefore it cannot but be well that the words I have quoted from Mrs. Kemble should be seriously taken to heart by every actor who, as Goethe says of the spectator, is sufficiently young and not quite spoiled. He who clearly understands how vast the gulf which separates, and must ever separate, the actor from such a poet as Shakespeare, will have done far more to lessen the gap than he who claims for himself a place with the poet on the farther side.

MOWBRAY MORRIS.

FORTUNE'S FOOL.

CHAPTER XLIV.

IN WHICH SIR STANHOPE MAURICE IS FOOLHARDY,—BRYAN SINCLAIR IS UNFORTUNATE,—TOM BERNE IS OFFICIOUS, AND KATE ROLAND IS A MINUTE TOO LATE.

SIR STANHOPE MAURICE dropped in to see Madeleine the next day, and received the startling information that she had gone and left no address. He consulted Kate Roland, and they agreed that Sinclair was at the bottom of the mystery. "He has carried her off with him," was the unuttered thought in both their minds. But the baronet's subsequent encounter with Bryan at the club left him with the persuasion that the latter was as much in the dark as himself as to Madeleine's whereabouts. Kate, however, judging of the matter apart from Bryan's personal influence, was of another opinion. At all events, it was necessary to go after Madeleine at once, and Kate prepared to set out, and Stanhope was ready to accompany her.

At this juncture he received a communication that puzzled him. A letter reached him through the post-office, containing the following words: "Sir, I know where she is. Trust nobody, but come alone to Hyde Park Corner at six to-morrow evening, and you shall hear.—An old acquaintance." There was nothing in the appearance or handwriting of this letter to indicate its source. Sir Stanhope finally decided to keep the appointment, but he said nothing to Kate about it, lest she should try to dissuade him.

Before following him further, we must return to Lord Castlemere. After leaving Lady Mayfair, he went home and prepared for a journey. He dressed himself in a costume more

suited to San Francisco than to Piccadilly, slung his banjo over his shoulder, took Manita by the hand, and set forth.

"Where are we going, papa?" asked the child.

"Where nobody knows us."

"Why?"

"So we may not get lost, Manita."

"Shall we come back again?"

"Ask no more questions."

They travelled by coach. The day was cold and drizzly, and there was little light. The motion of the vehicle soon rocked Manita asleep; she curled up her little feet, rested her head under her father's arm, and closed her large bright eyes. Jack, for his part, presently fell into a reverie. A world of ideas—a spiritual world—was never far from him. His wanderings in this super-sensual region had a certain reality of their own, and at times, when his visions took bodily as well as mental possession of him, he would awake to find himself in some strange place or situation, without any recollection how he came there. An interior sight was opened in him, causing him, perhaps, to put upon material objects other than a material interpretation—as when one sees men as trees, walking. On this occasion his reverie was of a pleasing character. He was journeying away from some stifling City of Destruction, in which he had been bemazed. His heart beat stronger, his chest heaved, a freer air touched his forehead. To enjoy liberty, one must have been bound neck and heels for a year or two. Wealth and rank were the two jailers who had been keeping guard over poor Jack; but he had given them the slip, and saved his soul alive. The imprisonment, real though it had seemed while he was its victim, was now all the

fabric of a dream—a delusion, a negation. All oppression seems so, when it is past. Slavery must last a long time to become a man's second nature.

Liberty, sculpture, music—these were the good fairies whose gracious splendour brightened the horizon and shone along the way, betraying the unreality of mud and clouds. Another phantom there was, appearing only at intervals; but Jack knew her well: she had been, since his boyhood, an inspiration and a hope. He had spoken with her face to face, had touched her hand; at every culminating epoch of his life it was natural that she should appear, either to warn or to encourage him. Yesterday he had felt that he loved her; but they had never spoken of love; and how can a man love a vision? But Jack was sensible of a strange, sweet trouble of the heart—a languorous emotion, a magnetised beating of the pulses, when this vision presented itself. There she was, again! Had not her eyes encountered his before the veil was drawn? Was the veil also a dream?

Somewhat disturbed, he aroused himself, and saw that they were just leaving the dusky main street of a small town where they had changed horses. Manita still slept at his side; in the west was a gleam of dim brightness. The rain had ceased, and a faint breeze came cool across the damp meadows.

Two hours later, Jack was leaning on the railing of the little steamboat that was to convey him across the channel. Passengers and cargo were aboard, the last hawser had been cast loose, and the paddle-wheels began to revolve. The black pier, with its confused crowd, its flaring lights, its wet sides lapped by the waves, grew distant and indistinct. The salt wind came to Jack's nostrils and warmed his blood. Overhead, the dark hollow of the sky sparkled with stars. As they gained the offing, the boat plunged and rose across the gulf and ridges of the waves. Jack was alone, save for the man at the helm, the look-out

forward, and the officer with his cigar on the bridge.

By and by a figure came up the companion way and advanced towards him. The figure was scarcely defined in the darkness, but Jack perceived that it was a woman. She probably supposed him to be one of the crew; she did not notice him, but stood near him with her hands on the railing, gazing off to leeward. In this position her face, with its dark eyes and oval outlines, was revealed. She gave a long sigh, and partly turned towards him.

"It is really you," he said.

"She gazed at him fixedly several moments. "Are you alone?" she asked.

"Manita and I."

"Is Manita the little girl?"

"My daughter. Are you coming with us?"

"I am alone."

"You carry happiness with you," said he, after a pause.

"That is a strange thing for me to hear!"

"You have greater things to do than to live for me; but I live for you."

"How can I be anything to you?"

"It was for you I left London. The thought of you shall make me good; and I shall try to make Manita like you."

"You must hate her, then!"

Jack was silent. Their eyes met. "I love you!" he said.

She started, and half closed her eyes. With her right hand she made a quick waving gesture before her face. "Love, disaster, and wickedness, rather! Will you do me a service?"

"Any in the world!"

"Throw me into the sea!" She stepped close to him as she spoke, and stood with raised arms, as if waiting for him to cast her overboard. But presently her arms dropped to her sides, and she laughed hysterically.

"So we do on the stage," she said.

"One night leap into the arms of death; the next, smile in the arms of

a lover; and the love and the death are both make-believe. You love me, do you? Well, it might have been. You knew me first; and you seem a man to be loved. Is it fate, or my own will? We are fortune's fools, all of us!"

"Can I defend you from anything?" he asked, heeding her tone and not her words.

"Defend me against my love!" she said, with a smile of irony. "Defend me against myself! I love danger, despair, and evil, and I am become what I love. Defend me by making me love you! Ha, ha, ha! I am only acting. The world is too small—no room for more than one man and woman in it at a time! You are not the man. But you think me an angel, I suppose? Well, angels vanish, and so will I!"

Jack put forth his hand and grasped her arm, as she was turning away. "I feel that you are a woman," said he. "We were made for each other."

"For each other's misery, then," she replied. "Let me go."

"We shall know each other," said he, relinquishing his hold slowly. "The time will come."

"It would be a sorry time," was her rejoinder. "Love and knowledge are bad company." She drew back into the gloom, and, in another moment, had disappeared. Jack was once more alone with the waves and the stars. As he leaned over the side, the pale spectre of a ship, with all sails set, glided silently past at a little distance. She bore a light on her foremast, and another over her stern. A shout came from her, faint against the breeze as an infant's murmur. Jack strained his ears to listen, but the sound was not repeated; and as the ship veered upon another tack, the shadow crept over her hollow sails, and she vanished as if swallowed up in the sea.

About seven o'clock in the evening, as Kate Roland was sitting solitary before her fire, with her arms folded

and her eyes fixed on the coals, Stanhope Maurice was announced, and came hastily in.

"Oh, Stanhope, I'm so glad you've come!" she exclaimed, rising eagerly and giving him her hand. "Have you any news? I do so want to be up and doing!"

Stanhope looked grave, and laid aside his hat and overcoat before making any reply. "I have some news," he then said, seating himself, "though of what value remains to be proved. Whom do you suppose I have just parted from?"

"Not Bryan? Who then?"

"Of all men in the world, my old foreman, Tom Berne,—you know he has been Bryan's servant for some years back, and has been going rather to the bad, I fancy. However, he seems to have some conscience after all. Bryan is as great a scoundrel as we suspected."

"If Tom Berne has convinced you of that, I thank him, for one!" said Kate, nodding her head, with a side glance. "He turned State's evidence, did he?"

"He wrote me a note, anonymously, in consequence of which I met him at the place he named. The story he told sounds terribly plausible. He says Bryan persuaded Madeleine to go to Paris; but, in order to avert suspicion, she was to start a day or two before him, he meanwhile to remain here and put her friends on a wrong scent—insinuate that she has gone to America, or something of that sort. That corresponds with what he has actually done, you see. Before long, Tom says, Bryan will leave London, to join her in Paris. We must not lose sight of him."

"Can't we get to her before he does?"

"Tom thinks it would be impossible, as we have no clue to her hiding-place. When Tom has found out, through Bryan, where she is, he will guide us there. I have appointed a meeting-place with him in Paris."

"Did you give him any money, or

did he ask for any?" demanded Kate, after a little reflection.

"I offered him some, but he refused it."

"Seems rather odd, doesn't it? What reason did he give for telling you this?"

"He said, 'It was at his, Bryan's orders, sir, that I shot and killed my brother Hugh, in America. And I swore I'd be revenged for it'."

"Can that be true?"

"I don't see what object the man can have in volunteering a falsehood. But he told me a great many other things that I wish I could believe were false."

"About Bryan?"

"Yes. The amount of it is, that Bryan has committed crimes enough to hang him half a dozen times over. In most of them he has made Tom his accomplice, or cat's-paw, and so bound him to secrecy. He seems to have made a slave of the poor wretch, body and soul. A few months ago, Bryan took out a heavy insurance on one of the great East Indians, and had her scuttled, or blown up at sea. There are a number of other cases, nearly, or quite as bad, but here," continued Stanhope, taking a bundle of papers from his pocket, "are some documents that prove that he was concerned in that great bank forgery that occurred several weeks back, and which has remained a mystery. These will be enough for our purpose."

"Will they be sufficient to convict him?"

"Probably; but I can put them to a better use than that. By letting Bryan know I have them, I can force him to give up his designs against Madeleine, and take himself permanently out of the way."

"Why not have him arrested at once?"

"You know Madeleine's temper; if we forcibly prevented him from joining her, she might cling to him out of mere defiance; but if he ran away from her to save his skin, she would be disgusted and give him up."

"He is too dangerous a man to try experiments with."

"He is sure to get caught sooner or later; and meanwhile, we had better make what use we can of him."

"Well, it may be so," said Kate, after a pause. "But, do you know, I feel misgivings about the whole thing. Tom's conduct seems very strange, however you look at it. If he could muster up courage enough to apply to you, why didn't he apply to the police? How can we be certain that Madeleine has not gone to America, after all?"

"Nothing is absolutely certain until it is proved, of course," Stanhope admitted; "but if you had heard Tom yourself, I think you would have inclined to believe him. At all events, the affair is at such a pass now, that we can't afford to let any chance slip. We must do the best we can with the information we have, and trust to the turn of the moment, for the rest."

"Poor Madey!" said Kate, tears coming to her eyes. "What a fate, to be entangled with that man!"

"It is horrible in every way," returned Stanhope. "Bryan has been my dearest and most intimate friend; there never was a man with finer or stronger capacities; I would have done anything for him; and here I am, picked out by destiny to hunt him down and prove him a criminal and a villain! I would rather be dead myself!"

The honourable little baronet's voice wavered and grew husky. Human philosophy finds it difficult to appreciate the Divine justice of the triumph of evil over good in mortal life.

"You will live to save Madeleine," said Kate, with an assurance in her tone which she did not, perhaps, altogether feel.

After some further conversation, they separated, having arranged their plans on the basis of information afforded by Tom Berne.

They arrived in Paris a few days later, and Stanhope lost no time in

presenting himself at the appointed rendezvous. Tom, however, failed to appear. The place was near the southern outskirts of the city, at a cabaret in the corner of a narrow street which lay between blank walls for the distance of a hundred yards or so, and then, taking a bend, ended in an open waste place, half an acre in area, littered with heaps of rubbish, and hollowed out at one spot into an irregular pit of some depth. After sitting for half an hour in the cabaret, sipping a glass of sour wine, Sir Stanhope stepped outside, and paced slowly along the narrow lane, until he reached the open place. It was already dark, and there were no lights; but, as the baronet stood there, he fancied he discerned the movement of a figure among the heaps of rubbish beyond. He concentrated his gaze upon it, but could no longer make out anything; either the figure had vanished, or his senses had misled him. He returned to the cabaret, and as there continued to be no signs of Tom Berne, he finally gave up expecting him for that evening, and betook himself to the hotel, where Kate was awaiting his report.

"No news," he said, on entering; "and I begin to fear you may have been right—that they are not in Paris after all."

"I was wrong, my dear," returned Kate. "I saw her this evening."

The baronet jumped up from the chair in which he had just before wearily seated himself. But to his eager look Kate responded with a shake of the head.

"It was only a glimpse," said she; "I was at the window, and saw her cross the street. I pulled open the window and called out to her; she glanced round, and she must have seen me; but she only hastened to get out of the way, poor child. I put on my hat and went after her as quickly as possible, but it was no use; I couldn't find her."

Sir Stanhope sighed heavily, and reseated himself.

"If any harm has come to her, I

don't want to live," he exclaimed sullenly. And now that she knows you are here, it will be all the harder to find her. If I can only meet Sinclair!"

"I hope, at least, you will have some police-officers within reach when you do meet him. You are running a great risk, going to him alone in this way."

"Sinclair can do nothing to me unless he murders me, and he won't do that. And as for the police, they would spoil the only chance there is of helping Madeleine."

And from this position the baronet refused to be dislodged.

The greater part of the next day he passed in his room, pacing up and down in his Napoleonic style, and writing letters. He was thoughtful and taciturn, but not so much depressed as formerly. It was a bright and sunny day, and he could see from his window crowds of Parisians strolling about and enjoying themselves. The violent and tragic scenes through which the city had passed, and which were still in store for it, cast no retrospective or prophetic shadow over the cheerful present. Tragedy, in its effect upon the general welfare and temper of mankind, is among the least real and permanent of mortal incidents. The murdered are dead; the murderers vanish; the world contrives to draw an indirect advantage from the catastrophe, and forgets it. The race moves onward blindly and instinctively towards a still receding horizon, where tragedy shall no more exist. The elements of health are gathered up and kept; those of feebleness and failure are left behind. Like shadows they possess no reality, although, as we are at present constituted, they are the evidence of it.

Sir Stanhope dined with Kate Roland, and the conversation, by a tacit agreement perhaps, avoided the topic which must be supposed to have mainly occupied their minds, and touched upon lighter matters. The baronet spoke of his mother, who had

latterly suffered from a partial loss of memory, and appeared to be sinking into a gradual decline; of his financial affairs, which, he thought, were about to enter on a more hopeful phase; of various events of his own life, which he now seemed to look upon in a different and wiser light than heretofore; of Australia, and the possibility of his attempting to begin a new career in the new world.

Kate listened with a feeling of sadness, though she made a point of answering him cheerfully. She looked forward to the immediate future with no little anxiety, and had made up her mind to take certain measures which she would not at present reveal to her friend.

Dinner being over, Stanhope prepared to go forth.

"I feel certain that I shall see Bryan this time," he remarked. "He will know from Madeleine that we are here, and that his purpose is known. You will hear all about it to-night."

"Be careful; and do not expect too much," said Kate, as she gave him her hand at parting. "By the way, where is your place of meeting?"

"It could do no good to tell you," answered he; "besides, it was part of my understanding with Berne that nothing be said about it. The risk he runs entitles him to some security."

Kate said no more, and they separated; but no sooner had he left the house than she put on her pelisse and hat, and followed him.

Stanhope, walking rapidly, had already got out of sight by the time Kate reached the street; but she had watched him the previous day from the window, and knew the general direction he would take; besides which, from some hints he had let fall in conversation from time to time, she had been able to form an approximate idea of his probable destination. She hurried on, therefore, as swiftly as she could, and was glad that the lateness of the hour, and the comparative unfrequentedness of the region through which her course lay, protected her

from curious notice. She had arranged no settled plan of action, but she believed Stanhope was in danger, and she was prepared to do what a woman might to help him, if need were.

When Stanhope arrived at the cabaret, he opened the door, and at once saw Bryan seated at a small table, with his back towards him. Tom Berne sat at the opposite side of the table, facing the door. He looked up, and his glance met that of the baronet, but no change was expressed in his features.

Stanhope walked up to the table, laid his hand on Bryan's chair, and said, in a low voice,

"Sinclair!"

Bryan turned about, not in a startled way, but deliberately, and, upon seeing the other, arose. His face was a good deal altered. He had let his beard grow, and his eyes were concealed beneath a pair of green goggles. A soft felt hat was pulled down over his forehead.

"What the devil do you want?" he demanded, after a moment, in a stern tone, but quietly.

Tom Berne, from the background, made a signal to Stanhope, which the latter understood as an entreaty not to betray him.

"It happens that we have met," he said. "I have something to say to you. Shall it be here, or outside?"

Bryan gazed steadily at him for a few seconds, then a peculiar smile parted his lips, which he moistened with the tip of his pointed tongue. He turned round brusquely, walked up to the desk, and paid his reckoning, came back to Stanhope, and taking him by the arm, exclaimed, "*Allons donc, camarade, dépêchons nous!*" and drew him out of the cabaret, Tom Berne following close behind. They walked slowly down the narrow lane towards the waste place.

Stanhope spoke rapidly and with excitement; Bryan listened, and occasionally gave a low laugh. Arrived at the end of the lane, they halted, and the two men faced each other. Tom

withdrew into the shadow of the wall, close to Bryan.

"Well, come to the point," said Bryan. "What are you going to do?"

"Your liberty, if not your life, is at my mercy," said Stanhope. "If you remain in this city twelve hours longer, or attempt to see her again, I'll have you arrested."

"The deuce you will! What—an old friend like me!"

"I mean what I say."

"Bless my heart!" said Bryan, still in a bantering way. "A champion, *sans peur et sans reproche*. Well, my dear boy, if you are determined to proceed to extremities, I won't baulk you. Stay with me to-night, and to-morrow morning, as long before sunrise as you like, we will betake ourselves to some secluded spot, and have it out together with whatever weapons you may select, from squirt-guns to flying artillery. Will that satisfy you?"

"I will not honour such a scoundrel as you by fighting you," said the baronet, loudly. "If you attempt to evade me, I'll denounce you this moment as a thief and a murderer! I have the proofs. The police are not far off."

"Tut, tut! keep your tongue behind your teeth, my fine fellow!" said Bryan, stepping closer to him, with a terrible look. At this juncture, Tom approached his master, and whispered something in his ear. Bryan glanced down the lane, and then laid his hand on Stanhope's shoulder. "You have the proofs, eh?" he said. "Where are they?"

"Hands off, you villain!" shouted the other, wrenching himself loose. "Touch me at your peril."

"Don't be a fool, Stan," said Bryan, speaking in a deep voice close to the baronet's face. "I don't want to hurt you. Come, be sensible."

"Stand off!" cried Stanhope; and drawing back, he aimed a blow at the red-haired Hercules.

The latter brushed the blow aside,

and by a sudden movement passed his arm round his antagonist's neck, and clapped his hand over his mouth. The two struggled together for a few moments, until Stanhope succeeded in partly freeing his head, and uttered a loud cry. Just then Tom again approached, and slipped some object into Bryan's left hand. Bryan's fingers closed upon it mechanically; perhaps, in the preoccupation of the contest, he scarcely realised what it was. Stanhope, meanwhile, continued to make desperate efforts to break loose; they whirled into the open place, and, stumbling over one of the heaps of rubbish, came headlong to the ground, Stanhope undermost. As he fell, he uttered a deep groan. Bryan rose to his feet, but the baronet lay still.

"What's the matter with him?" said Bryan, after a moment.

"A won't shout any more!" returned Tom, gazing down at the fallen man, with an odd chuckle in his throat. "Yo' gev' it 'im sound—thro' the heart!"

Bryan stooped down, and passed his hand over the other's breast; apparently he touched something which caused him to start erect again; for several seconds he seemed unable to act or speak. At length he said, in a gloomy, monotonous tone, "It's sticking upright in him. Damn you, Tom Berne, this is your doing again! What did you give me the cursed thing for?"

"Here they come, master," said Tom, pointing down the lane, where several figures appeared hurrying along beneath the lamp at the corner of the cabaret. "Best be off! A'll do for 'em!"

Bryan looked, hesitated, and retreated, leaping over the heaps of rubbish, and speedily vanishing in the darkness. Tom, before leaving the ground, felt in the fallen man's pockets, and drew forth some papers, which he transferred to his own. But by the time Kate Roland, with the proprietor of the cabaret, and a gen-darme, reached the spot, nothing re-

mained there but the dead body of Sir Stanhope Maurice, stretched out on its back, with a knife in its heart. The innkeeper was voluble with exclamations and protestations; the officer was grim and laconic; and Kate dropped on her knees, with clasped hands, and grief and bitterness in her soul.

CHAPTER XLV.

*"They who do ill, yet feel no preference for it,
Do it in base and tasteless ignorance."*

ABOUT two hours later, Kate Roland returned, exhausted and sick at heart, to her hotel. The inquest upon Sir Stanhope's body would be held on the following day. There was no doubt in Kate's mind as to who had done the murder, but she had already reflected that the technical evidence necessary to secure arrest and conviction might be difficult to obtain; and even supposing that obstacle overcome, it would probably prove next to impossible to lay hands upon the guilty man. It would be easy for Bryan to leave Paris, and find an asylum in Belgium or elsewhere; no doubt he was already on his way. The murder, she argued, must have been premeditated, and, consequently, the means of eluding capture likewise. There was but one redeeming feature discernible in this gloom of disaster, and that was that it must put an end to all relations between Bryan and Madeleine. The latter's infatuation must vanish for ever in the face of such a crime as this. Nothing that her friends could have devised to separate her from Bryan could have achieved that end so infallibly as this deed of Bryan himself. For that end, Stanhope would have deemed his own death not too high a price to pay; and as for the retribution on the murderer, would not that come when and in what manner Providence saw fit? Kate had known too much of tragedy to be bloodthirsty; she could let Bryan go, in the assurance that the safety of Madeleine was of infinitely greater

import than the legal punishment of a villain. Bryan was gone; let him be forgotten. . . .

She opened the door of her sitting-room, and went in. The candelabra was alight, and its radiance fell upon a figure that rose from its chair as she entered. Kate's eyes were dazzled, and she fancied at first that she was deceived by some mental or optical hallucination. But, as she stood motionless, staring, the figure spoke, and the tones, as well as the aspect and bearing, were those of Bryan Sinclair, and of no other.

His identity and reality were unmistakable, and he was speaking to her; but how he came there, or what he was saying, Kate had at the moment no conception. She stood in a sort of horror-stricken trance, unable to remove her eyes from his face, or to bring her mind into any kind of relation with the incredible fact; mechanically, and without being in the least aware of it, she drew off her gloves, rolled them together, and put them in her pocket. Bryan Sinclair in her room! Was he a vision, or was the murder a dream? No, both were real. How was it, then?

Bryan was carefully dressed in evening costume; his face was smooth-shaven. There seemed to be a smile on his features. What was this he was saying?

"I accidentally came across your address this afternoon. I was on my way to the 'Français,' and took the opportunity to drop in. But I thought Stanhope was with you. If I can have a chat with him, I won't detain you any longer. Where is he?"

"Where is—who?" asked Kate, in a low, grating tone, that did not seem to her to proceed from her own lips.

"Stanhope—Stanhope Maurice. He came over with you, surely? I presume you are both on the same errand as myself—to search for Madeleine? What I want to know is, whether you have succeeded any better than I. What's the matter, Mrs. Roland?"

"You murdered him—what more do

you want to know?" said Kate, unsteadily.

Black spots were beginning to dance before her eyes, and she was conscious of a mad inclination to laugh. The fear that she was going to faint, or to lose her mind, came upon her with a shock, and aided her to recover herself. Bryan laid down his hat and gloves, and gazed at her in seeming amazement.

"I suppose you speak figuratively," said he, after a pause, "though it's rather severe to call the successful rival of a man his murderer; not to mention that I'm not so successful as I could wish either. But, really, has anything happened?"

"I will tell you what has happened, if you have forgotten," returned Kate, rousing herself from her stupor, and speaking with a certain wildness of manner. "You and Tom Berne met Stanhope this evening at the cabaret in Rue Jérôme. Tom had made the appointment with Stanhope a week ago in London. Stanhope thought Tom meant to betray you; but I believed then, as I know now, that it was a plot you had made between you. You drew him on to the waste place at the end of the lane, and there you killed him. I came up a few moments afterwards, but I was too late. You had run away, and he was dead."

"And he was dead?" repeated Bryan, looking intently at her. He seemed to consider a while, and then he asked, "Were you in time to see murderers making off?"

"I saw—enough."

"And you think I killed him—on the evidence of Tom Berne. Now, Mrs. Roland," said Bryan, in a low, determined tone, "I shall speak to you plainly. I am here, and you can have me arrested and examined as soon as you like; in fact, I'll save you that trouble; I shall communicate with the police myself. I can't afford to have such a suspicion resting on me. But first I will say, for my own satisfaction, that I am sorry Stanhope is dead—if he really is dead. He was not in

my way, though you and he may have thought otherwise."

"I know more than you think," interrupted Kate. "He had proofs of crimes enough to hang you. You killed him to save yourself."

"Crimes? I have never been a saint; but I have done nothing to put me in fear of the law. Where are these proofs?"

"Oh, you could rob him after you murdered him; but that shall not save you."

"Where did he get the proofs? Was it from Tom Berne?"

"I shall answer no questions."

"You will have to answer them at the inquest. But please yourself; I can have no interest but to bring the murderer to justice. And I have already a notion who he is."

"Well, it shall be proved."

"It shall, certainly. Now as to Tom Berne. I dismissed him from my service more than two weeks ago. I have not seen him since. I arrived in Paris this forenoon."

"Those are falsehoods!"

Bryan smiled.

"Tom Berne has reason to be my enemy. I thrashed him and broke his spirit years ago. In California I was the cause of his shooting his own brother. I have always known that he wanted revenge; but hitherto he has been restrained by fear. Since his dismissal he seems to have been at work. The fellow has cunning, and he is desperate. I can see now what his scheme was. He made Stanhope believe that he was still in my employ. He gave him forged proofs of some crime, I don't know what. He pretended that he would bring about a meeting between Stanhope and me. He lured him to some out-of-the-way place, and there he murdered him, designing to throw the suspicion of the deed on me. Those are what I take to be the facts, Mrs. Roland. The plan had infernal ingenuity, but it will not succeed. If Berne is innocent he will come forward and testify. Do you know where he is?"

"For aught I know, you have murdered him too," said Kate.

But Bryan's story, told with such directness and force, had shaken her a little; and Bryan saw it.

"There is no man whom it more concerns me to keep alive," he answered. "Until he has been found, tried, and condemned, I can be neither safe nor content. And whether you believe me innocent or not, it is equally your interest that this man should be produced. Without him you can do nothing."

This was undeniable. If Bryan were guilty, Tom Berne's testimony would be indispensable to a conviction. On the other hand, unless Tom were guilty, why did he not come forward and make his accusation? That he should have been an accomplice in the crime did not occur to Kate; there seemed to be no reason for it. Either Bryan had done the murder, or Tom had done it; and she could not but perceive that, so far as appeared, there was at least as much ground for suspecting Tom as Bryan. But she was not ready to make the admission.

"You have put him out of the way," she said.

"Come, Mrs. Roland, don't be silly!" he exclaimed, taking up his hat and gloves. "How long is it since Stanhope was killed?"

"About three hours."

"Very well. Since that time, according to your notion, I must have hunted out Tom, murdered him, disposed of his body, gone to my hotel and dressed myself for the play, and then come here, of all places in the world! You pay a high compliment to my promptness and self-possession. I say you are silly!"

"Oh, if I could only know!" groaned Kate, dropping into a chair, and covering her face with her hands.

"Keep your head clear and your courage up, and you shall know," returned he. "Have you had anything to eat?"

"Anything to eat?"

"Well, you never needed something

more. The kind of work we have to do cannot be done on an empty stomach."

He went to the bell and rang it, and when the waiter came he ordered him to bring an omelette for the lady, a pint of sherry, and coffee. While these were being brought, he remained silent and apparently preoccupied. Kate, partly from physical weakness, and partly because her reason kept assuring her (in spite of an intuitive feeling to the contrary) that this man, however much a scoundrel generally, could not be guilty of this crime, was also silent, and tacitly submitted to the situation. Surely a man fresh from the murder of his victim could not act, speak, and appear thus; he would be either more or less than human. She was not aware how much human nature includes.

The food and wine came, and Kate found herself able to eat. When she had finished, she looked at Bryan, as if to ask him what was to be done next.

"I have thought it out, Mrs. Roland," he said, "and I think I should lose no time in seeing a police officer in your presence. If you will allow me, I will ring the bell, and ask one to be sent here, and you shall hear me put the case to him. I will give myself into custody for the night, and to-morrow I shall be present at the inquest. Does that satisfy you?"

Kate signified her assent, and this was done accordingly. Bryan told his story to the gendarme, constantly referring to Kate for confirmation and assistance. The officer, having listened attentively and made his notes, informed Bryan that the evidence scarcely seemed to require that he should be detained, but Bryan insisted upon surrendering his freedom until after the inquest. He was consequently provided with a comfortable apartment at the House of Detention for the night. The next day the examination was held, and at the conclusion of it Bryan was liberated upon his own recognisances, and

detectives were put on the track of Tom Berne.

Bryan returned to his hotel ; and there he drew a long breath !

The preceding twenty-four hours had, indeed, been a trial even to such nerves as his. Tom Berne's scheme to bring about a meeting between him and Stanhope Maurice was conceived, and, in great measure, carried into effect, without Bryan's being aware of it. It was desired by Tom for ends of his own, and Bryan's participation in it was mainly involuntary. The perverted subtlety which had been developed in Tom's mind by his strange relations with his master, was beginning to bear fruit. Bryan found himself controlled by a force against which he was unable to contend, because it was a purely spiritual one. To attempt to grapple with it was to fight the air. Tom evidently believed in a God, and in His will and power to punish crime ; and he was able also to discriminate sharply between mere worldly success and prosperity, and spiritual ruin. He assiduously cajoled and entrapped his master into every sort of wickedness, from a conviction that he was thereby consigning him to hell without hope of salvation. His zeal and faithfulness in all tangible and practical respects were unimpeachable ; he would spare no efforts to preserve his master from physical injury or failure ; he would even have sacrificed his life for the sake of enabling Bryan to commit some crowning atrocity. In short, he would have done anything to protect Bryan from ever suffering any legal or corporeal penalties for his crimes—both in order that these might go on increasing, and that their eternal punishment might be unprejudiced. It is worth noting, finally, that Tom had no hesitation in consigning himself to perdition, if only Bryan's destruction was assured ; and it may have been that among his infernal anticipations was the hope that he and his enemy would be united

hereafter, to torture and be tortured through all eternity.

Bryan, meanwhile, was beginning to manifest visible traces of this treatment. His buoyant animal spirits, and the steady self-possession arising from physical health and strength, showed signs of giving way. The fresh, florid complexion—evidence of a sound organism and vitality which no excess or hardship had been able to impair—had noticeably deteriorated of late, and there were furrows in the iron contours of his visage, which were not there a year ago. His features, in repose, had acquired an habitual frown, and from under his red brows his blue eyes stared forth gloomily. His moods, when he was not under the necessity of acting some part, alternated between reckless gaiety and morose sternness ; he seemed to feel that he was lost, and to demand compensation in some way—in revenge against society, in debauch, in any hitherto unimagined wickedness ; in something to make miserable ; in something to destroy. Nevertheless, through the brooding of this murky atmosphere gleamed ever and anon the white ray of the only redeeming passion of his heart—the only as yet undefiled recess of his soul—which, therefore, he would now, with Tom's co-operation, proceed to defile. For there is a terrible necessity upon evil to become more evil still.

Bryan had sent Tom before him to Paris, to secure apartments and to attend to certain other matters, and he himself had arrived (as he told Kate) on the morning of the murder. Tom, meanwhile, had made his private arrangements ; having placed in Stanhope's hands evidences (whether genuine or not we need not inquire) of Bryan's misdeeds calculated to persuade the baronet that Bryan was at his mercy ; having thus assured Stanhope's attendance at the rendezvous, it was only necessary to inform Bryan that Stanhope was intending something against him, in order to bring about the meeting. With a

praiseworthy attention to details, he had also taken steps to enable his master to establish the *alibi* which he foresaw would afterwards be desirable. For the rest, he relied upon the natural course of events, and upon his own timely assistance at the critical moment. The affair had been fatally successful, and Bryan had found himself unexpectedly and almost involuntarily hurried into a murder, which, though really of Tom's contriving, had the appearance of being inevitable and accidental. It was a useless crime, as well as a dangerous one, and seemed likely to interfere seriously with Bryan's plans as regarded Madeleine. It was by no means Tom's intention, however, that the latter should miscarry. He had provided the means of an immediate change of apparel, and it was at his suggestion that Bryan adopted the apparently desperate course of at once presenting himself before Kate Roland. It was further arranged that Tom should be made the scapegoat of the crime; and, while he withdrew from public view, Bryan would be left at liberty to pursue his designs unimpeded.

There was thus a strange mingling of truth and falsehood in Bryan's position. He had killed Stanhope without premeditated purpose, and his consciousness of this fact the better enabled him to assume the attitude of absolute innocence. He hated Tom, and this hatred gave colour and force to the words in which he denounced him as the murderer. There was, besides, that universal instinct of self-justification which is at the core of every sinner's soul, be his sins what they may; and that other instinct of self-preservation, which, at a pinch, can make even a coward seem brave. Bryan Sinclair was no coward; nevertheless, he needed all these supports, and no less, to carry him successfully through that interview with Kate Roland—especially through those eternal minutes while she was supping, and he, in

pursuance of his rôle, sat by, silent and motionless. It had seemed to him during those minutes as though his brain would burst, as though he must leap to his feet and roar forth his rage and horror—must even murder her, as an opiate to the gnawing exasperation of his hateful plight. Such experiences leave their mark upon both body and soul. And when Bryan, in the safety of his own room, was free at length to cast aside the torturing burden of suspense, he was by far a more wicked and a more desperate man than he had ever been before.

Tom Berne, in the meantime, had so managed his own affair as to be secure from pursuit or detection, though he was not so far removed from the scene as to be unable to keep an eye on the progress of events. There may be a mystic intelligence or sympathy between those who desire each other's destruction, as there is said to be between those who deeply love. If so, Tom's dreams that night must have been sweet.

CHAPTER XLVI.

*"A mind might ponder its thought for ages,
and not gain so much self-knowledge as the
passion of love shall teach it in a day."*

Not far from Notre Dame, in a quiet narrow street branching aside from one of the main thoroughfares of the city, an artist had fixed his residence. He occupied an apartment of three rooms on the third story. Passing in by the main entrance—the *conciierge* was not very strict in the observance of his duties, and was half the time gossiping round the corner with a certain neat widow who kept a milk shop—you ascended a dark and tortuous flight of stone stairs, and arrived at a door to which was affixed a card bearing this inscription:—*M. Jean Jacques, Sculpteur des Animaux.* Having knocked at this door, it was presently opened by a tall young man, of noble bearing, handsome and

sensitive countenance, and simple and straightforward manner. He was clad in a grey flannel blouse reaching half-way to his knee, and loose trousers; his feet were encased in embroidered mocassins of buckskin, which displayed their elegant shape to advantage. The smile with which this personage greeted you was full of kindness and pleasantness, tempered with a fine reserve almost amounting to shyness. The room into which you were admitted was well lighted and of fair dimensions. The walls and ceiling were painted a light grey; against the former were fastened up the heads and skins of various wild animals—the wolf, the elk, the cimmaron, the grizzly bear. Other hides were spread out here and there upon the bare floor. Between two windows stood a small table, on which were writing materials, and a water-pitcher and mug. In the centre of the room was erected a large stand, like an oval table, with a raised platform of less area supported upon it. This stand was covered with drapery of a soft brown hue, falling quite to the floor; upon it were disposed a score or more of groups and figures of wild animals, from a foot to three feet in length; a few of these were in bronze, the rest in plaster. At the northern end of the studio was another sort of stand, constructed on the principle of a revolving stool; it bore a large mass of clay, which was partly wrought into the likeness of a crouching panther. In the corner near by was a huge earthenware vessel containing more clay; and odds and ends of plaster casts, moulds, tools, and anomalous rubbish were scattered about. There were three or four wooden and cane-bottomed chairs, and a rough oaken chest, which, with the aid of a couple of fox-skins and an Indian blanket was made to do service as a sofa. Beneath the head of the grizzly bear on the wall were suspended a rifle, a tomahawk, and a bow and arrows; while on the opposite side of the room were similarly

displayed a buckskin hunting-shirt ornamented with wampum, and a pair of game-bags with the like decoration.

Into this secluded and tranquil retreat the noisy current of the world, with its hurry, its heat, its passion, and its struggle, never found its way. It belonged to another sphere of being—serene, meditative, imaginative, artistic. It had all the freedom of art, and all the repose of the cloister. It was a place where the muse came, and where ideas were conceived and elaborated and brought to embodiment. The abode of art—blessed offspring of the more ethereal energies of heart and brain, innocent alike of passion and of selfishness. The room was a test of the visitor; ere he had been here long, he began either to gasp for lack of the denser air he was wont to inhale, or else to respire long delightful breaths of pure enjoyment—according to his nature and instruction.

The life of M. Jean Jacques, the sculptor, was as quiet and simple as his dwelling. There was a small kitchen attached to this apartment, in which the decent old lady who cooked the meals and kept the rooms in order was generally to be found. The other occupant of the place—for there were three—was a stout-hearted, deep-voiced, and vigorous little girl, with a round brave face and large black eyes, full of alternate laughter and solemnity. When she walked, she ran; and when she ran, she bent her shaggy little head, and butted forward like a miniature bison. She was emphatic and sweeping in her tones and ways, and it seemed as if nothing mortal could withstand her onset. She was forcible and demonstrative both in love and in anger; she was fond of showing her affection for her father by sitting astride his knee, and delivering a succession of blows into his chest. She was of an adventurous and exploring spirit, and pushed her investigations in all directions; but, being endowed with preternatural good luck and a strong

instinct of locality, she seldom got into serious trouble, and never got lost—although her little visage generally showed the scar of some head-long tumble, and she frequently disappeared temporarily from the sight and knowledge of her domestic environment. Her playthings were for the most part the models of wild animals in her father's studio; the plaster ones she not seldom smashed to pieces, but the bronzes were her faithful friends; and she was in the habit of carrying about under her arm a stuffed wolf's head, by way of a doll. One of her particular joys was to visit the *Jardin des Plantes*, and there to gaze at the wild beasts in their cages; sometimes feeding them with buns, and sometimes menacing them with the little stick she carried in her hand. Her costume was a straight, dark blue garment of stout cloth reaching to her knee, trimmed and embroidered with crimson; her head-dress, when she wore one, was of the same style and material, with a crimson feather stuck in the band; and round her neck she wore a broad necklace of wampum. Altogether, she was like a little brook, tumbling and babbling through the heat of a quiet and shadowy forest, and thereby enhancing both its charm and her own.

There was never any great rush of purchasers to M. Jacques' studio. The study of American wild animals in their artistic aspect did not as yet constitute an essential part of Parisian education. The sculptor, however, did not seem to be cast down by neglect: he evidently had large internal resources, and possibly (in spite of his modest way of living) pecuniary ones as well. A few artists visited him; and there were not wanting among them some who appreciated at its true value, or thereabouts, the singular merit and originality of his work. But personally he was a good deal of a mystery even to those who saw the most of him. Though he spoke French with facility, he was evidently not a

Frenchman—at any rate not a Parisian, and it seemed likely therefore that the name he went by was not his real one. But artists are men of liberal views and small curiosity, and their opinion of one another is not apt to be determined by coats, names, or even nationalities. Jean Jacques was a good fellow and a genius; and if he had a history behind him which he was not disposed to talk about, so much the better or the worse (as the case might be) for him. It was nobody else's business. He was phenomenally domestic and retired in his habits, and never was seen at the *cafés* and other resorts of artists in their leisure hours; and there was, at times, something strange in his manner—as if he saw and spoke with visions. Doubtless M. de Balzac or Eugene Sue might make an interesting volume of his adventures, could they be known. Meanwhile the picturesque mystery that invested him afforded an agreeable exercise for the imagination.

One day, as this mysterious personage was at work upon his crouching panther, his hand was arrested by a lusty noise of crying that came through the open window that looked upon the street. He sprang to the window and looked out. A lady, handsomely dressed, was stooping down on the pavement, with her arms round a little girl in a blue and crimson frock, who had apparently just fallen down and gashed herself on the chin. Without waiting for a second look, M. Jacques turned and hurried down stairs, four steps at a time. On arriving at the street entrance he met the lady, leading the child by the hand. He caught the latter up in his arms, and then perceived that the lady was Lady Mayfair.

She recognised him at the same moment, and, with the instinctive self-possession and courtesy of a woman of the world, smiled and held out her hand. He, feeling surprise perhaps, but no embarrassment, greeted her with cordiality.

"So this is your Manita?" she said. "I am sorry it should have cost her that cut on the chin to re-introduce us to each other; and yet I am glad to have been at hand."

"Manita often tumbles down," he replied, "but no harm comes of it."

"And will not now, so far as I am concerned," said Lady Mayfair, smiling again. "Do you live here, my lord?"

"I live here—not Lord Castlemere. I left him in the Channel. I am an artist whom nobody knows. Will you come up and see?"

"I had given up the expectation of finding you," said she, following him up the winding staircase, "though I came to Paris partly in hopes of doing so."

On reaching the upper landing, the artist led the way into the studio, and having invited his guest to take a seat on the oaken-chest sofa, he applied himself to sponging the blood from Manita's chin, and covering the cut with a piece of black plaster—an operation to which the child submitted with stoical silence; but when it was over, she held the gory sponge towards Lady Mayfair, and said in deep bass tones, "See, my blood!" She then possessed herself of her wolf's head, and went off to play in a corner.

"You are Monsieur Jean Jacques, then?" said her ladyship, who had already cast her eyes about the room. "Are you a disciple of Rousseau?"

"No: Jacques was one of the names of my mother's father, who brought me up. I have tried being my father's son, and now I am going to be the son of my mother."

"You find it pleasanter to be an artist than a peer of England?"

"It is better to be nothing but one's self."

"But what will become of the peerage, and all that?"

"I have taken money enough for Manita. The rest will go——" He appeared to be on the point of saying more, but checked himself.

"Shall you live here always?" continued Lady Mayfair, after a pause.

He shook his head. "There will be something else for me to do, some day," he said. "After that, I think I shall go back to America."

"Have you seen Madeleine?" she demanded abruptly.

"No," he answered composedly. "I think of her often, but we meet only when destiny will have it so. I would rather not talk about her."

"Not even if it might lead to your saving her from a great danger?"

"When she is in danger, I shall know," returned he, with that singular fatalism that sometimes inspired him. His idea seemed to be—an idea common to men of his peculiar temperament and organisation—that nothing of profound spiritual interest to him could occur anywhere without his being made mystically aware of it.

"I know you well enough not to try to understand you, as I would understand other people," said his visitor, fixing her beautiful eyes upon him. "You are to be understood only as music is—by imagination and sympathy. You never do what I expect you to do, or say what I try to make you say. I don't know why I should ask you so many questions. I am, myself, in a questionable frame of mind—that may be the reason. I care for nothing that I used to care for, and, unlike you, I have found nothing new to care about. But there are some things I have done that I should like to undo."

"Doing and undoing both are hard work," observed the sculptor, philosophically.

"Do you see much of Bryan Sinclair?" inquired the other.

"Not at all, since I left England."

"You used to be great friends. He introduced you to me."

"He knew a great many things."

"Too many things!" rejoined her ladyship, with a peculiar smile. "He means mischief. After the way you and I parted a few weeks ago," she continued, in a more artificial tone, "you might be surprised to see me here; but I have lost my pride, as

well as other things. All I desire is, to prevent Bryan from injuring others as he has injured me. And I do not know, in all the world, any other man besides you can help me to do this. You are the only man I ever met who seemed to me able to fight against Bryan Sinclair, and to conquer him."

"What reason have I to fight against him?" asked he.

"The reason that makes good always fight against evil, and truth against falsehood. And there is another special reason—but I think I will not tell you what that is yet. You shall know when the time comes, and that will not be long."

The sculptor made no reply. The sun slanted through the southern window, and fell upon Manita, playing with her wolf's head in the corner. The large stand in the centre of the room, with its soft brown drapery and its groups of statuary, in which the fierce and wild nature of the animals represented was beautiful and exalted by the subtle purpose and repose of art; the quaint mingling of civilised simplicity and primitive savagery in the aspect and furnishing of the studio; the noble and thoughtful face and figure of the artist himself—as Lady Mayfair contemplated all this, all at once she heaved a quick, sharp sigh, and a few bitter tears rose to her eyes. The tragedy of this life is, that peace and misery, repose and ruin, so often meet each other face to face, and seem to touch hands, though the real gulf between them is impassable.

"You are happy and content, are you not?" said she.

"There are no such things as contentment and happiness," replied he. "The best that people are able to do in this world is to change the nature they were born with. If I could think of nothing, I should be contented; but as soon as thought begins, I am sad. Something is always missing; and if the thing that I miss were here, it would only show me that I miss something else. I can think of

infinite things, but I can know only things that are not infinite. Always I feel that something ought to be, which is not. To be happy, I should feel that nothing is not that ought to be. The world seems not to be made to fit the people who live in it. Animals are happy—they cannot imagine what cannot be; their world fits them. To be worldly-wise is to limp along, as the path opens, from one point to another, and never look ahead. But I would rather see despair than not see at all. I long for the stars, though I can never reach them; but perhaps the longing is worth more than the stars; at any rate I am sure that the stars would not satisfy it. It is awful to think that there can be no end of it all; but it would be still more awful to think that there could be an end. The only happiness or contentment is in fighting against happiness and contentment, for they are death. But if they are death, what is the good of life?"

"You have taught yourself a dreary creed," remarked Lady Mayfair. "Can you find no happiness in love?"

"To love is to wish to give more than love can receive, and to receive more than it can give. It is at its best when what we love is far away and unattainable. As soon as it comes within reach, though it has more power, it is less beautiful. I have often tried to think what God is, and I can only think Him to be all the things that men love in one another. So my god is the woman that I love: but if she were with me, and loved me in return, she would be less god. For what I love in her can never belong to me, and so to make her mine would be to make her less lovable. It is the same story over again."

"Is there life after death?" said Lady Mayfair.

"I do not know what you call death," he replied. "I do not believe that I and my body are one. My body is dead already; there is nothing alive but life. My body is the instrument that my soul plays upon, as I

play upon the strings of my banjo. If all the strings were broken, I could no longer play upon them; but you would not therefore say that I did not any longer exist. So, when my body ceases to answer to the touch of my soul, you cannot say that my soul has ceased to exist. I am independent of my banjo, and my soul is independent of my body. My body is dead, and can never live; my soul is alive, and can never die; nor can I die, when they are separated."

"You can, at any rate, be a philosopher, and philosophy is consolation," said Lady Mayfair rather bitterly. "No one ever philosophised with his heart. There is something more real than reasoning, and more convincing. I do not know whether love be wise, but I have felt what love is. I do not know whether happiness be possible, but I have known happiness. I may have no more reason to be miserable than you have, but I am more miserable. And I have been more alive than I shall ever be again; and I have felt what death is, though you say I can never die. You are discontented with the world, it seems; but it has used you better than it has me. A man's heart is a will-o'-the-wisp, but a woman's heart is all she is. A man's conduct and conversation may appear virtuous, though his heart be evil; but when a woman's heart is evil, she is evil to the marrow of her bones; and if her heart be good, her evil is no more than dust that can be brushed away. We cannot stand being roughly used, as you can; it ruins us. Look at me, my lord—or whatever you wish to be called; I am not what I was even when you first knew me. I made a good fight for it; I held my head up with the best of them; but, at heart, I was beaten long ago; and the only thing that I thought could have saved me turned out to be the cruellest blow of all. Yet I might go on, still; there is nothing to prevent my being Lady Mayfair for a few years more; but I have had enough. If I were a man, I should desire some way of re-

venging myself upon society; but I have not life enough even for revenge. The only thing I shall do is, perhaps, the most foolish and hopeless of all—to try to save another woman from suffering what I have suffered; not that I love her—there is more reason why I should hate her—but simply because she is a woman. I thought you might help me, and I shall give you the chance to do so; but perhaps it would disturb your philosophic calm too much. I am afraid I have disturbed it already, with my feminine complaints and scoldings," she added, suddenly assuming a smiling tone and aspect. She rose from her seat and moved towards the door.

"I do not move myself. I am moved without my will," said the sculptor, rising also. "Will you come here again?"

"No; good-bye." She had nearly reached the door, when all at once she turned, and walking quickly back to the corner in which Manita was sitting, she raised the child in her arms, and kissed her passionately and repeatedly. Then she passed out, and the child's father heard the great lady descend the stairs. He threw himself down in his chair, and remained for a long time deeply musing, with his cheek upon his hand.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

*"Ever the words of the gods resound,
But the porches of man's ear
Seldom, in this low life's round,
Are unsealed, that he may hear."*

For some time past Paris had been interesting itself about a new actress who had appeared at one of the theatres. Whence she came, none knew; nor did any facts as to her previous history seem obtainable. To judge from her speech, and from her personal appearance, she was a Frenchwoman; but the style of her acting did not show the influence of the French dramatic school of that period, and it was the opinion of many that she must be of foreign extraction—

possibly a Pole or a Russian. She was of a pale, dark complexion, with black hair and eyes; her figure was tall, and her bearing full of a marvellous dignity and grace. It was generally agreed that her physical advantages were superior to those of any other actress on the stage, and there was in her impersonations not only a remarkable breadth and dramatic intensity of interpretation, but a magnetic fascination which belonged to her temperament, and can never be acquired. Her stage business showed elaborate study, and something more than intelligence; while her unfamiliarity with the footlights, and with the presence of an audience, lent a certain freshness and spontaneity to her performance, that custom and experience would be more apt to diminish than to enhance.

But it was still too early to forecast her future. Genius is always unlike any genius that has gone before; it has laws of its own and moves in a separate orbit. The characters she had thus far assumed were not of the first dramatic rank; and though her vigour and originality of conception invested them with a new importance, she might fail to bestow corresponding value upon a Medea or a Phédre. The fact remained, meanwhile, that Madame Madeleine, as she was called, had succeeded in arousing an unusual amount of interest and discussion, inasmuch that reports of her began to penetrate beyond the boundaries of the Parisian world, and had awakened echoes in the neighbouring planet of London.

At this juncture, to every one's surprise, she brought her engagement in Paris to an abrupt conclusion, and vanished from the sight and knowledge of men. For a week or so no one could tell what had become of her. At last, one morning, the front of a certain London theatre was placarded with a notice to the effect that Madame Madeleine, from Paris, would make her *début* on the English stage in the character of Cleopatra, in Shake-

speare's immortal play of *Antony and Cleopatra*. The cast was fairly good, and the manager begged to state, in answer to numerous inquiries, that Madame Madeleine spoke English with as much fluency as French.

There was nothing very stimulating in this announcement, beyond that the play was one which has been very rarely given, and that a *début* (especially of an actress who spoke English with as much fluency as French) is always something of a curiosity. Nevertheless, during the last three days, between the announcement and the performance, the enterprise was pretty widely discussed; and, from one cause or another, the sale of seats, which had begun slowly, went on with increasing rapidity, until nearly the whole house was sold, and there was no doubt that there would be a crush by the time the curtain rose. So far, then, the venture was already a success. But whether Madame Madeleine would make a hit in a part as to which there were next to no "traditions" for the guidance of a *débutante*, and which Mrs. Siddons had refused with the remark that "if she played it as it should be played, she would never afterwards respect herself,"—these were questions as to the solution of which the manager was at least as doubtful as any one else.

Madame Madeleine occupied a humble suite of rooms in Bloomsbury. On the morning of the day which was to make or mar her dramatic reputation, a cab drew up before the house, and a man in a talma and a broad-brimmed felt hat got out and ran up the steps. The door was immediately opened, as if the visitor had been expected, and he went in.

He was ushered into a room on the first floor, and in a few moments Madeleine entered. She was dressed in a morning gown of soft white material; her arms were bare below the elbow; she wore necklace and earrings of red coral. Her long black hair was divided into two massive braids, which hung down her back. Her face

seemed a trifle thinner than usual, but her eyes had never been so full of subtle fires of expression, and her voice was full of a rich and resonant tremulousness that stirred the heart.

"You come at a dangerous time, Bryan," she said. "To-day I am the Queen of Egypt!"

"A pleasant greeting, when I've hardly set eyes on you in two months," returned he gloomily. "Are you glad to see me?"

"Was Cleopatra glad to see Mark Antony?"

"She made him believe so."

"You hardly seem yourself, Bryan. 'How much unlike art thou, Mark Antony!' Do you love me as much as ever?"

There was a touch of mockery in her tone. But it was quite true that Bryan did not look his usual self. He was haggard with fatigue and want of sleep, and his air was sullen and uneasy.

"A man doesn't come to see a woman at the risk of his life unless he cares for her," said he moodily. "I'm being hunted at this moment by a couple of damned detectives. But here I am, and I want to know what you are going to do?"

"I am going to act Cleopatra."

"And what after that?"

"Oh, Cleopatra dies in the last act."

"Yes, but Madame Madeleine comes to life again."

"Does she? That depends!"

"Come, Madey, this is no time for nonsense! I can't stay here nor in Europe any longer. We must think about getting away."

"Where do you wish to take me?"

"America will do for the present."

"But London suits me better."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why should I sacrifice my prospects to you? What have you ever sacrificed for me?"

"I'm likely to sacrifice a great deal for you if I stay here."

"You're a criminal, then—a fugitive from justice?" she said, with a strange smile.

"I'm the devil himself, if you choose. But I'm only guilty of what my accusers can prove against me."

"And you show your love for me by asking me to share your peril and possible ruin! What would you do if you hated me?"

"Let us have this out, once for all," said Bryan, seating himself and folding his arms. "I can't do without you, and I'm bound to have you. It might be better for both of us, as far as safety and convenience goes, to keep apart; but it's our luck to be together, and we shall be to the end. And I know, as well as I know heat from cold, that you love me, and will love no one else till you die. Give me your hand, my girl, and come with me. Whatever else I may be I'm a man, and the only man for you. Let us stick together and defy the world. Come!"

But Madeleine drew back, and clasped her hands behind her. Yet her aspect was not repellent; a fugitive smile went and came about her lips, and her eyes intently perused his face.

"Cannot you really do without me?" she said, uttering the words slowly.

"After all these years we are to go to America—to some of those western places you have told about—and be happy together—talking over our past crimes and committing new ones! Every morning we would awake fresh and buoyant in the hope of a new sin, and every night we would sleep peacefully with some new evil sprouting in our hearts! Do you suppose, Bryan, that in hell there are many pairs of lovers as happy as we shall be?"

"Talk away, if it amuses you," said he, drawing his brows together. "You will have to come to me in the end."

"How can I help being light-hearted?" she returned, with another smile. "I have waited all my life, you know, for the realisation of my love-dreams, and now it is at hand. And I have refused ever so many eligible offers—Stanhope Maurice, for

instance. By the way—did you kill him?"

The question was abruptly and sharply put. Bryan's face flushed red, and his mouth twitched.

"No," he said, after a moment.

"Of course—I forgot—it was Tom Berne," said Madeleine quietly. She moved to another part of the room, and came back with a morocco case in her hand. "See what I have," she said, handing it to him.

It contained an exquisitely-wrought model of a small serpent, made of gold, finely jointed, and enamelled in colours to imitate life. When taken from the case it seemed to writhe and wriggle as if it were veritably alive.

"Well, what about this?" demanded Bryan gruffly. "What is it for?"

"It is 'the pretty worm of Nilus, that kills and pains not.' It is for Cleopatra to-night."

"If all your properties are on this scale you'll need a fortune! That bit of trumpery can't have cost less than three hundred pounds."

"You remember that necklace of gold nuggets you gave me? It is made out of that. Is it not pretty?" she added, taking it and letting it glide caressing through her fingers. "And there's a secret about it—it is even more alive than it looks." She pressed the little glistening reptile to her bosom, and murmured the dying words of the Egyptian Queen, "'Dost thou not see my baby at my breast that sucks the nurse asleep?'"

"A nice use to put my necklace to! I hate all snakes, and especially that one."

"You don't know what an effect I'll make with it to-night. You have never seen me on the stage."

"You asked me to keep out of your way—for reasons best known to yourself—and I've done so, though I don't see I've gained much by it."

"I didn't want you to see me till I was sure of myself. But to-night I'll surprise you—for the first and last time."

"Why the last?"

"In California we shall be too busy with our crimes for me to think of acting."

"Will you never be serious? We ought to be making our arrangements."

"I shall be ready. When you were going to take me to France, you know, I was ready before hand. By the way, Bryan, was Lady Mayfair offended at my not accepting her as my chaperon?"

"I've never seen her from that day to this."

"You said once that you meant to get everything, but cared to keep nothing. Will you care to keep me when you have married me?"

"Look here, Madey," said Bryan, altering his position and rubbing his hands through his hair, "you have brains and can listen to common sense. You know me: I've never denied that I'm an outlaw, at war with conventions and formulas. You and I, my girl, will have nothing to do with the empty formula called marriage. We will live together because we choose to do it, and the only bond upon us shall be our own free will. What has society ever done for us that we should wear chains of society's forging for society's benefit?"

"But," said Madeleine, playing with her enamelled asp, "what if it should be a whim of mine that we be regularly married?"

"Then you will have to hear the truth," exclaimed he roughly. "I am married already!"

"When? and to whom?" inquired Madeleine quietly.

"To Lady Mayfair—years ago."

"And you are her lawful husband?"

"As lawfully as laws can make me. It was the old story—bless you! I wanted money; as to our domestic career, I soon let her know that would have to be dispensed with. But that's my situation, and it can't be altered."

Madeleine had been looking full at him as he began to speak, but as he went on she turned gradually away

from him, and walked to the window. When she faced about again she was very pale, and her eyes sparkled.

"Then you think it would be more agreeable to me to take you as another woman's husband than not to take you at all? Would you have married me if you had been unmarried?"

"I suppose I'd have done anything you asked me. But it's impossible."

"Could you not get a divorce?"

"She might. I couldn't."

"Really, Bryan, you have left nothing incomplete. I don't speak of crimes; you might have been a criminal, and still have a fallen greatness. But your mouth is full of falsehoods, and your heart of foulness. I may well call myself an actress; I have played all characters except my own—I have been everything except myself, so that I might be something to you. If there were any power in love, I was resolved that my love should redeem you. I staked everything on that. And I might as well have thrown flowers into the bottomless pit! Instead of my redeeming and purifying you, you have soiled and ruined me. I wish all women might hear my story and profit by it."

"What has set you off now?" demanded Bryan gruffly.

"I gave you a chance at least to tell the truth—the truth could have done you no harm—but you would not. Well, I cannot follow you down any further—I cannot! Lady Mayfair was here yesterday, Bryan. To save me—though, without knowing it, I had been her rival, and she owed her sharpest grief to me—to save me, she told me everything. To save me, she has banished herself from the only life she can ever live. It was a more generous thing than I have ever done, with all my pains! You were never her husband, Bryan. You deceived her, and now, because you thought she would not dare to tell, you were going to use that deception to deceive me. But I am undeceived!"

"I knew you would find it all out sooner or later," said Bryan, in a low voice, "and when that time came, I knew you would rather not feel yourself bound to me."

"It would have been too late. It is too late, now. I have made my mistake, and I must take the consequences."

"Then you won't leave me? You'll give me a chance?" he exclaimed, springing to his feet and holding out his arms.

"A chance—to do what? To kill Lord Castlemere, as well as Stanhope?"

"Madey, it was no murder!" said Bryan, with intense emphasis. "He fell on the knife—it was not my doing, nor my wish! I had offered him a duel."

"You should have offered it to Lord Castlemere. It is he who has been your real rival, Bryan. You kept me from knowing him as the possessor of the estates; but I knew him, in another way, long ago—even before I knew you. And I would have loved him, but for you; I would love him now, if I were fit to love anything. But you need not be jealous," she continued, with an odd little laugh. "No man will ever take me away from you. You may do with me what you will—to-morrow."

"I'll love you as you deserve to be loved, Madey," said he. "What you once told me is true—that I should feel, some day, what it is to have loved a woman like you; and that I would wish I might sell my soul to put right the harm I've done you. But the fact is, I fancy my soul wouldn't buy much!"

"I am not much to buy—nor to be taken as a gift, either!" she answered, smiling. "But I bear you no ill will. Be at the theatre to-night; and after it's all over, come and see me behind the scenes."

When he had gone, Madeleine replaced the serpent in its case, and prepared for the last rehearsal.

(To be continued.)

REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

EGYPT has this July preoccupied public attention as completely as it did twelve months ago when Admiral Seymour was bombarding the forts of Alexandria, and Lord Wolseley was preparing for his famous march on Cairo. The sources of the interest excited by Egyptian affairs differ widely from the excitement engendered by a successful campaign. The first is the cholera, the second, M. de Lessep's monopoly of the Suez Canal. The pestilence came first, but it was speedily overshadowed by the negotiations for the perpetuation of the monopoly. Both serve as forcible reminders of the futility of the popular belief that the permanent difficulties of the Egyptian question could be solved by the sword. The chronic condition of the Egyptian population is that of squalid poverty rooting in indescribable filth. In all such populations pestilence periodically makes its appearance, and Egypt is suffering at present on a small scale from a recurrence of the same phenomena as those with which Europe was so painfully familiar in the middle ages, when the Black Death counted its victims by the million, and the grass grew green in the streets of flourishing cities. Famine, pestilence, and war, the grim Malthusian trinity, who keep watch over the undue multiplication of the human race, were the normal conditions of human life in older times, and in Egypt, as in the East generally, the modes of life have changed but little since the days of the Great Plague. Immediately after Midsummer Day, the cholera, or some form of choleraic disorder, made its dreaded appearance at Damietta during a local fair. A few days after it was reported at Mansurah. From thence it spread to Port Said and Menzaleh. Town after town reported the presence of the disease, and on the 16th of July it made its appearance in the suburbs of Cairo.

The mortality was greatest at Damietta, Mansurah, and Menzaleh, but it was not till the disease reached Cairo that the returns of deaths began to be alarming. At the first-named town, where for months past the people have been drinking water in which the bodies of dead animals have been slowly putrefying, the mortality reached 1,800 within a fortnight of the first appearance of the cholera. How many of these deaths were actually due to cholera, and how many to fear, aggravated by starvation, no one can say. For, acting under the presence of European opinion, the Egyptians first attempted to isolate the infected centres in the clumsy method natural to an oriental Government. It placed cordons of soldiers around the plague spots, and issued orders that any one attempting to break through should be shot on the spot. Its orders were obeyed. Business was suspended in Damietta and Mansurah; wages ceased; men could no longer earn their daily bread. There was neither food, nor doctors, nor drugs. Those who had money bribed the soldiers, and escaped, carrying such contagion as can be carried far and wide across the country. Those who had no money remained to die. When an Eastern Government attempts to enforce the precepts of modern sanitary science, it is as if a barbarian would perform the operation of lithotomy with no other instrument than a smith's pin-cers. The attempted cure is worse than the disease.

The appearance of the dreaded scourge of nations, at the familiar cholera gate of the Continent, struck panic into southern Europe, the first symptom of which was a certain outbreak of insincere abuse of England. The cynical Englishman, it was declared, that black ally of the cholera, had introduced the pestilence into Egypt. Rather than forego a shilling profit on

his calicoes, he was ready to poison a continent with a plague imported from India. John Bull, in the affrighted imagination of his neighbours, became transfigured into an international Brinvilliers. It was alleged, falsely as it turned out, that the cholera had been brought to Damietta from Bombay. English ladies were hooted and assaulted in the streets of Venice. The populace at Brindisi refused to allow the landing of the English mails which had to be sent round to Trieste. Government after government imposed stringent quarantine on all vessels arriving from Egypt. Spain even went further, and imposed restrictions on vessels arriving from English ports, and the terror-stricken continental noticed with exultation the possibility of the imposition of a quarantine blockade against England. Whether these restrictions will be able to keep the cholera at bay, or whether, as is more probable, the detestable inadequacy of the provisions made for the health and comfort of the victims of the quarantine, actually induce an outbreak of the disease, there is no doubt that the precautionary measures, and the fear which dictates them, are adding appreciably to the miseries of mankind.

So far as England and France are concerned, the interest excited by the cholera has been entirely overshadowed by the commotion occasioned by the publication, followed by the speedy withdrawal, of the arrangement concluded by the English Government with M. de Lesseps for the perpetuation of his monopoly of the communications between the East and the West. The inadequacy of the existing canal having been brought to common notice by the recent increase of the traffic, the English shipowners—that is to say, the persons who contribute eighty per cent. of the traffic through the canal—began some months since to agitate for the construction of a new and competing line of communication through the Isthmus. They recommended that a new canal should be forthwith con-

structed with British capital, under British control, to supply adequate accommodation, at reasonable rates, to the increasing traffic of the world. The shipowners fortified themselves by the opinion of counsel learned in the law, among whom Mr. Horace Davey is the chief, to the effect that M. de Lesseps possessed no legal title to exclude for the term of his concession all competing companies from the Isthmus. The *pouvoir exclusif* mentioned in the original concession which Said Pasha granted in 1854 was held, according to this interpretation, to refer solely to the exclusive power conferred upon him to form a company for the purpose of making a canal across the Isthmus. This power was limited to a period of ten years; it was personal to M. de Lesseps, and could not be assigned by him even to his heirs, much less to the company which he created. No reference to a *pouvoir exclusif* can be found in any instrument excepting the first concession. No mention of any monopoly is to be found in the firman of the Porte ratifying the concession; and M. de Lesseps himself did not allude to it among all the inducements by which in his prospectuses he tempted the public to invest their money in his enterprise. His reliance against competition was placed, not on the obscure wording of a clause in the concession, but on the grant of sufficient land on each side of the canal to enable him to exclude any competitor. Ten years after the original concession, these lands were retroceded—the Egyptian Government paying to M. de Lesseps as compensation for the recovery of the territory a sum of 1,200,000*l.* By the agreement of 1866 the domains of the company were restricted to a narrow slip of ninety yards on either side of the canal, and the rest of the isthmus—so runs the shipowners' contention—reverted to the Egyptian Government, to be conceded or not at its own sovereign will and pleasure to rival companies. Hitherto no such rival company has been started, but

the shipowners believed that they were in a fair way to confer a great benefit upon the world at large, and a very substantial boon upon their own class, by cutting a second British canal through the Isthmus of Suez. From this pleasing illusion they were roused as by a thunderclap by the sudden announcement of an arrangement between the English Government and M. de Lesseps which recognised and perpetuated the monopoly of the existing company.

It is characteristic of the contrast between the modes of the present Government and its predecessor, that when Lord Beaconsfield bought the Suez Canal shares he created the universal impression that he had done a great deal more than he had really accomplished, while Mr. Gladstone's operation in the same field was so peculiarly made public as to convey the impression that he had done far less than the reality. Lord Beaconsfield had the eye of a theatrical scene-shifter for dazzling effect. Mr. Gladstone is indifferent to such ruses of the stage. The result was that whereas Lord Beaconsfield's *coup* threw England off its balance in a delirium of enthusiasm, Mr. Gladstone's produced an almost as universal a disappointment. The storm occasioned by the discovery that the English Government had for ever rendered impossible the construction of a competing canal, by recognising in the fullest manner the unlimited monopoly of M. de Lesseps, was very loud. Yet the bargain, as a bargain it was admitted, was not so bad, provided that the ministerial premises were first admitted. If M. de Lesseps was absolutely master of the situation, if he really possessed a *pouvoir exclusif*, and if, moreover he could without any further concession, construct a second canal adequate for the traffic across the Isthmus, then no doubt ministers had not done badly in securing from the omnipotent monopolist the concessions vouchsafed them in the new agreement. By the instrument to which the English Ministers had set their

hands, it was provided that M. de Lesseps' concession, which originally had ninety-nine years to run from 1869, when the canal was opened, should be prolonged for a period of ninety-nine years from the completion of the new canal. A new concession of land necessary for a second canal was promised him, and a loan of 8,000,000*l.* at $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. was offered him from the British exchequer. In return for these advantages, M. de Lesseps offered to make certain successive reductions of rates, to begin when the dividend reached 21 per cent., and to progress steadily with each increase of dividend until it falls to 8 francs 51 cents. per ton, when the dividend is 30 per cent., and from thence still further until a minimum rate of 5 francs per ton is reached. An English inspector of navigation, with "considerable discretionary powers," who should be "independent of the heads of the administrative branches of the canal," was also to be appointed, and as far as possible English ships were to have English pilots. One of the vice-presidents was to be an Englishman. That was all.

Everything hinged upon the extent to which the Ministerial interpretation as to the exclusive powers of M. de Lesseps was justified by the fact. Both the law officers of the Crown and the Lord Chancellor were of opinion that his concession makes him absolute, and with the holder of a monopoly, as with the master of many legions, it is difficult to argue. The permanent officials at the Foreign Office were of opinion that the law officers are justified in deciding in favour of M. de Lesseps. The Cabinet therefore held that it had no option but to recognise the monopoly of the Suez Company. Whether it acted wisely or not is a point which men will decide according to their various predilections. But the storm created by the agreement was so great, and the opposition manifested in the country so widespread, that on the 23rd of July Ministers announced that the scheme was unconditionally

withdrawn. The way, therefore, is now open for the purchase and the internationalisation of the Canal. This also is not unattended with difficulties. Whatever may be the case so far as the monopoly is concerned, no one can compel M. de Lesseps to sell the existing Canal. He can therefore name his own price. Nor is the purchase-money the only difficulty. At present the Canal is managed by M. de Lesseps, with the advice and assistance of the English directors. In any international arrangement, the Canal, instead of being managed by the representatives of two powers, would be managed by the representatives of half a dozen.

As might have been expected the sharp collision of rival interests and the reckless freedom of our newspapers have not contributed to smooth down the ruffled susceptibilities of France. "We have no more cruel and jealous enemies than the English," cries the *Événement*; "each day brings us some fresh proof of the profound hostility of England." It would even seem that in proportion as the Governments endeavour to effect a *rapprochement* the journalists attempt to counteract it. The Madagascar incident occurred at an inopportune moment for the success of the conciliatory policy of the Cabinets. The French Admiral Pierre had been irritated at the action of Captain Johnstone of the *Dryad*. The latter, as acting British Consul during the illness of Mr. Pakenham, had sent nineteen marines ashore to guard the British Consulate, and sent a steam cutter and pinnace to lie to the landing place at Tamatave, to afford a refuge to such British subjects as still remained in the town during the bombardment. These marines saved the town from being burnt when the shells of the *Forfait* set fire to the market-place of Tamatave, but their presence provoked the French Admiral, who, during the bombardment, informed the Consuls that as Captain Johnstone of the *Dryad* had landed troops to guard the

British Consulate and property, he (Captain Johnstone) assumed the responsibility of any injury done.

For three days after the bombardment, apparently in ill humour at the interference of the English captain, Admiral Pierre refused to undertake any responsibility for the preservation of life and property in the town which he had occupied. Then the French flag was hoisted, the consular flags were hauled down, the French Vice-Consul was installed Mayor of Tamatave, and the Custom House was handed over to the captain of the *Boursaint*, and Tamatave, as a complacent correspondent remarked, became a French town. The Hovas naturally did not acquiesce in this, and two small attacks were made upon the French garrison. They were repelled with a trifling loss, but the incident appears to have irritated the overstrung nerves of the French Admiral. On the 22nd of June he ordered Consul Pakenham to leave the town at a day's notice. Consul Pakenham being mortally ill died before the period allowed to him expired. His secretary, a Hova by birth, was then arrested, and the missionary, Mr. Shaw, the most influential Englishman in Tamatave, was also made a prisoner. Captain Johnstone of the *Dryad*, was forbidden to enter the town, and all communication was cut off between the *Dryad* and the shore. The news of this high-handed treatment of British representatives created widespread indignation, and deepened the uneasy feeling that the relations between the two countries were becoming unpleasantly strained. It was the worst of all introductions to the announcement that the French monopoly of the Isthmus had been recognised and confirmed by the English Government, and for a time there seemed some danger of a collision. It was, however, promptly allayed by the satisfactory assurances of M. Challemlacour, Reading from Admiral Pierre's instructions, the French Foreign Secretary declared that the most precise and categorical orders had been given to

avoid exciting the susceptibilities of England, and to keep up the most courteous relations with the Commander-in-Chief of the British naval station. If, therefore, the facts were correctly reported, Admiral Pierre must have disobeyed his orders. But Admiral Pierre was vouched for as an officer of prudence, and it was well to wait until his own account of the incident was received. "With England," said M. Challemel-Lacour, "we are, and we wish to remain, on profoundly pacific terms." In conclusion, he said: "If, however, there had occurred—which we cannot suppose—some grave mistake or some misunderstanding in regard to which passion had played a part, we should not hesitate to fulfil the obligations which would be imposed upon us by the spirit of justice and by the interests of the country." So for the present the incident has terminated, although, as a precautionary measure, the *Euryalus* and the *Tourmaline* have been ordered up from Trincomalee to Mauritius.

These foreign preoccupations have to some extent diverted attention from domestic affairs. Business has not been going well in the House of Commons. The Ministry have never recovered from the fatal consequences of the defeat on the Affirmation Bill. The discovery that Government can be placed in a minority with impunity naturally tends to multiply hostile majorities. Mr. Chaplin succeeded in carrying against the Ministry a resolution demanding the virtual stoppage of the import of foreign cattle, and on more than one occasion, both on Irish affairs and in the discussions in Committee, Ministers have been defeated. There is a relaxation of party discipline, accompanied by a corresponding decay of energetic leadership. The Prime Minister, whether from advancing years or from whatever cause, no longer seeks to assert the universal ascendancy of his tremendous personality over the colleagues whom he commands or the House of Commons which he leads. Mr. Gladstone is not

and can never be a *roi fainéant*, but he may perhaps be compared to an autocrat *en villegiatura*. It is one of the drawbacks of the abnormal vigour of such a mind as Mr. Gladstone's that even a slight relaxation of the constant strain produces far more serious results than the entire cessation of the ordinary activity of a commonplace Premier. By the will of the people, as well as by his own supreme capacity for work, he has enjoyed for three years both the sole initiative and the sole responsibility. When he no longer cares to exercise the initiative, it is not surprising that his colleagues should hardly realise their responsibility. Much can be said in favour of an enlightened despotism. But the testing point of the system is when the energy of the enlightened despot slackens and the question of his successor arises. We may not have reached such a point, but we are nearing it fast, and it can hardly be wondered at if men are weighing the chances of political promotion more carefully than the issues of parliamentary debates and diplomatic controversies. Devolution is a word to conjure with in regard to legislation. It might not be amiss to try its efficacy in other spheres.

The Corrupt Practices Bill, after an infinitude of discussion, protracted day after day as if the measure were designed to have a retrospective bearing and to be itself a punishment for the conduct of the last elections, has at last made its way through Committee. It has been slightly modified, but its almost excessive severity will not be fully appreciated until the time comes for passing a dispensing Act to free some indispensable member from the disqualifications incurred by the indiscretion of an agent. The Agricultural Holdings Bill, which has succeeded the Corrupt Practices Bill in Committee, has been amended, or rather altered, in the wrong direction. As it stood it was too weak to be a solution of the question, but instead of being stiffened it is being steadily watered down until it promises to be

little better than a second edition of the abortive Agricultural Holdings Bill of the late Government. The dismal list of abandoned measures is already more lengthy than those which are still before the House, and although the bills are not of vital importance they are much needed. But the inability to legislate is the common failing of the age. In France, bitterly complains a Republican writer, it is more easy to make revolutions than reforms; and in America a careful observer recently calculated that only one-quarter of the Bills annually introduced into the State legislatures are passed, and many of these are vetoed by the Governors. "Three-fourths of the Bills which become law are inconsiderately rushed through in the last days of the session." Curiously enough, the effect of this legislative impotence across the Atlantic has been to strengthen a movement, not in favour of permanent sessions, but of reducing the number of sessions by half. The New York Assembly has repeatedly passed a resolution in favour of biennial sessions. The Massachusetts legislature and the New Jersey constitutional convention have both expressed opinions in favour of abolishing annual sessions. There are only six States in the Union whose constitutions require annual sessions, and in three of these at least one-half the people are demanding constitutional revision in favour of biennial sessions. "I am a believer," said an advocate of the change in the New York Assembly, "in the maxim that the world is governed a good deal too much, and I believe that the people are much more prosperous and happy when the legislature fails to meet." Lord Salisbury, who at one time sighed for the adoption of the American Supreme Court with a veto on unconstitutional legislation, may perhaps find it worth while to consider whether the American plan of biennial sessions might not form a popular plank in the new Conservative programme.

The House of Commons has taken another step in the wrong course in

which it has persisted ever since the election of Mr. Bradlaugh by ordering his exclusion from the precincts of the House. The House of Lords, which had read a second time the Bill legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister, relapsed into its old impenitence, and rejected the Bill on the third reading by a majority of five. Its rejection, which was moved by the Duke of Marlborough, was the last public act of that Conservative peer. His sudden death a few days after deprived his party of one of its most respectable members. The course of future politics might have been affected very materially if Lord Randolph Churchill, instead of his elder brother, had been called to the House of Lords. So far this Parliament has tended steadily to the development of the importance of the extreme men on all sides. Lord Salisbury has eclipsed Sir Stafford Northcote, and Lord Randolph Churchill has won for himself a place as the leader of the Tory democracy. On the Liberal side the one considerable reputation in politics has been made by Mr. Chamberlain. The one great success in the House of Commons has been that of Sir Charles Dilke. But the collapse of the middle men, the elimination of the Laodiceans of politics has been most marked in the Irish ranks. When the last Parliament was dissolved, Mr. Shaw shared with Mr. Parnell the right to be regarded as the leader of the Irish popular party. To-day Mr. Shaw is nowhere, and Mr. Parnell stands forth the undisputed chief of the Irish people. This has been attested in very striking fashion during the past month. Mr. Givan's retirement created a vacancy at Monaghan, for which each of the three Irish parties entered candidates. Mr. Givan was a Liberal, and his party naturally laid claim to the seat. But Monaghan, although lying northward, has never ceased to sympathise with the Nationalist cause; and when Mr. Healy was nominated as the representative of the Land League, he swept all before him. The Liberal candidate only polled as many hundreds as there were thousands

recorded for Mr. Healy, who came in at the head of the poll, defeating the Conservative by 2,376 to 2,011. Not less striking was the spectacle presented a little later at Wexford. The O'Connor Don, the best representative of the Irish Girondins, was put forward as the candidate of Moderates of all parties. Mr. Redmond was nominated as the Land Leaguer and Parnellite. For some time the O'Connor Don himself believed that success was not impossible. But the poll showed a majority for Mr. Redmond of two to one. So far, therefore, as Ireland is concerned, the Jacobins have it all their own way. Their calculation is that in the next Parliament Mr. Parnell will have a phalanx of at least seventy obedient followers, with whose aid the Conservatives will be permitted to administer the affairs of the Empire for three years. Then the Liberals having expiated their sins by three years' sojourn in the cold shades of opposition, they are to be permitted to return to office on condition of the concession of Home Rule. If this calculation is mistaken, it is probable that it may be in not allowing for the extent that the Conservatives will go in the direction of buying out the landlords, and turning occupiers into owners.

In France an opposite tendency is temporarily conspicuous. There, for the moment, the Destinies appear to fight on the side of the Centre. All political events have been overshadowed this month by the apparent approach of the death of the Comte de Chambord—that is to say, King Henri Cinq of the Legitimist Monarchy. For the first half of July, the Comte was believed to be dying of cancer in the stomach. Prayers were put up for his recovery by the faithful, but their monarch himself believed that his end was at hand. The last sacraments were administered, and France awaited every moment the telegram of his decease. Suddenly and unexpectedly the Prince began to amend, and at the present moment of writing it is doubtful whether or not he may ultimately

recover, to prolong, for a few years longer, the hopeless devotion to the White Flag which he cherishes with chivalrous fidelity. But whether he live or whether he die his illness has done signal service to the Comte de Paris. The fusion has been renewed under the most solemn auspices, and the nation has been reminded in the most effective fashion that, when the Comte de Chambord dies, the Comte de Paris will stand as the sole inheritor alike of the Loyalist tradition and the allegiance of monarchical France. If there is to be a restoration in France, the scenes at Frohsdorf have brought into strong relief the exceptional position of the Orleanist Prince who, on the day when "Henri Cinq" is gathered to his fathers, will become the sole rival to the Republic. The Imperialists are so hopelessly disunited that they are practically out of the running. The disappearance of the obstinate Pretender, with his impossible flag, will unite the Royalists around the representative at once of Legitimacy and of the tricolour.

At the same time that death and disease have been pressing hardly upon the leader of the Extreme Right, the Republicans now in power in France have been relentlessly persecuting the fanatics of the Extreme Left. In the spring they strained the law to send Prince Krapotkin to gaol for his share in the International, and at midsummer they inflicted a severe sentence of six years' imprisonment upon Louise Michel for her share in the trumpery manifestations of March 18th, when a few bakers' shops were looted in her presence.

The Republican Ministry is "cutting its tail" with vigour, and the operation not unnaturally excites grave dissatisfaction among many Republicans. So intense was the feeling against the excessive severity of the Government, that the Paris municipality preferred to dispense with the attendance of Ministers at the great *fête* of the Republic, when the statue of the Republic was unveiled in the Place of that name, rather than consent to the exclusion from the speech

of the Prefect of Seine a pointed appeal for clemency to the condemned. The attempt to provoke a hostile popular manifestation in the streets failed miserably. The black flag displayed at the *fête* was hissed by the mob, and an elaborate *émeute* at Roubaix was summarily snuffed out by a handful of soldiers and police.

"Twenty years of my life," exclaimed Castelar this month, in the eloquent speech in which he vindicated the Spanish Republicans in the Cortes, "twenty years of my life have I sacrificed in creating a democracy of progress. I would willingly sacrifice twenty more in trying to create a democracy of order." That of which the Spanish orator dreamed seems to have been already realised in France. North of the Pyrenees, although they are not unmindful of that inward monitor which with implacable voice is ever ringing in the ears of nations the command "Advance! Advance!" the majority seems for the moment to have abandoned that revolutionary temper which has ever been the most dangerous weakness of European democracies.

One of many contrasts which may be noted between the prevailing tendencies in England and in France relates to the position of the State in dealing with railway companies. In England the House of Commons has displayed a praiseworthy desire to compel the companies to respect the rights and minister to the convenience of the people. The rejection of the Ennerdale and Epping Forest Railway Bills, the amendment of the Bill dealing with St. James's Burial Ground, Hampstead, the action taken against the ventilators, to say nothing of the clauses in the Railway Passengers' Duty Bill, stipulating for workmen's trains, and the carriage of public servants at reduced fares, all point in one direction. So clearly is this perceived that Sir Edward Watkin has already raised the alarm, and proposes to form a Railway Shareholders' Protection Association to fight it out with those who are press-

ing forward this policy of injustice to railways. In France, on the other hand, the companies are in the ascendant. The Government has capitulated to the railway companies, and the conventions which are being debated will probably be ratified by the legislature. The eloquent and impassioned protest of M. Madier de Montjau against the establishment of "industrial feudalism," is, in its own way, the antithetical counterpart of the protest of Sir Edward Watkin, and should be studied by all who wish to understand the point of view with which advanced democrats approach the question of incorporated monopolies.

The feud between Church and State continues to rage unchecked in France where the latest triumph of the anticlericals has been to exclude chaplains from the hospitals of Paris. Elsewhere the storm is abated. In Spain, says Castelar, the clergy, inspired by wise suggestions from the supreme pontiff, separate to-day from the ruins of departed absolutism, thereby placing it nearer heaven and further away from earth. In Germany, the bill amending the ecclesiastical laws has been ratified by the sovereign, but it has not been accepted as a settlement by the Vatican, whose reiterated demand for the full concession of its claims has produced no small irritation at Varzin. The most remarkable illustration of the new truce with the papacy, which has succeeded the old *Cultur Kampf*, supplied by the publication of the new concordat by which Russia assents to the appointment of Catholic bishops to the Polish sees. This act, vehemently condemned at Moscow, is a proof that in the storm, believed to be rising in Poland, the emperor deems it necessary to make allies even in the papal priesthood. Whether he will be more successful than the employers of Mr. Errington, remains to be seen. The Poles have noted Mr. Parnell's success, and, if they are not greatly belied, they are meditating an imitation of his tactics which fills with anxiety the counsellors of the Czar.